Sports Illustrated
JULY 14, 1975 75 CENTS

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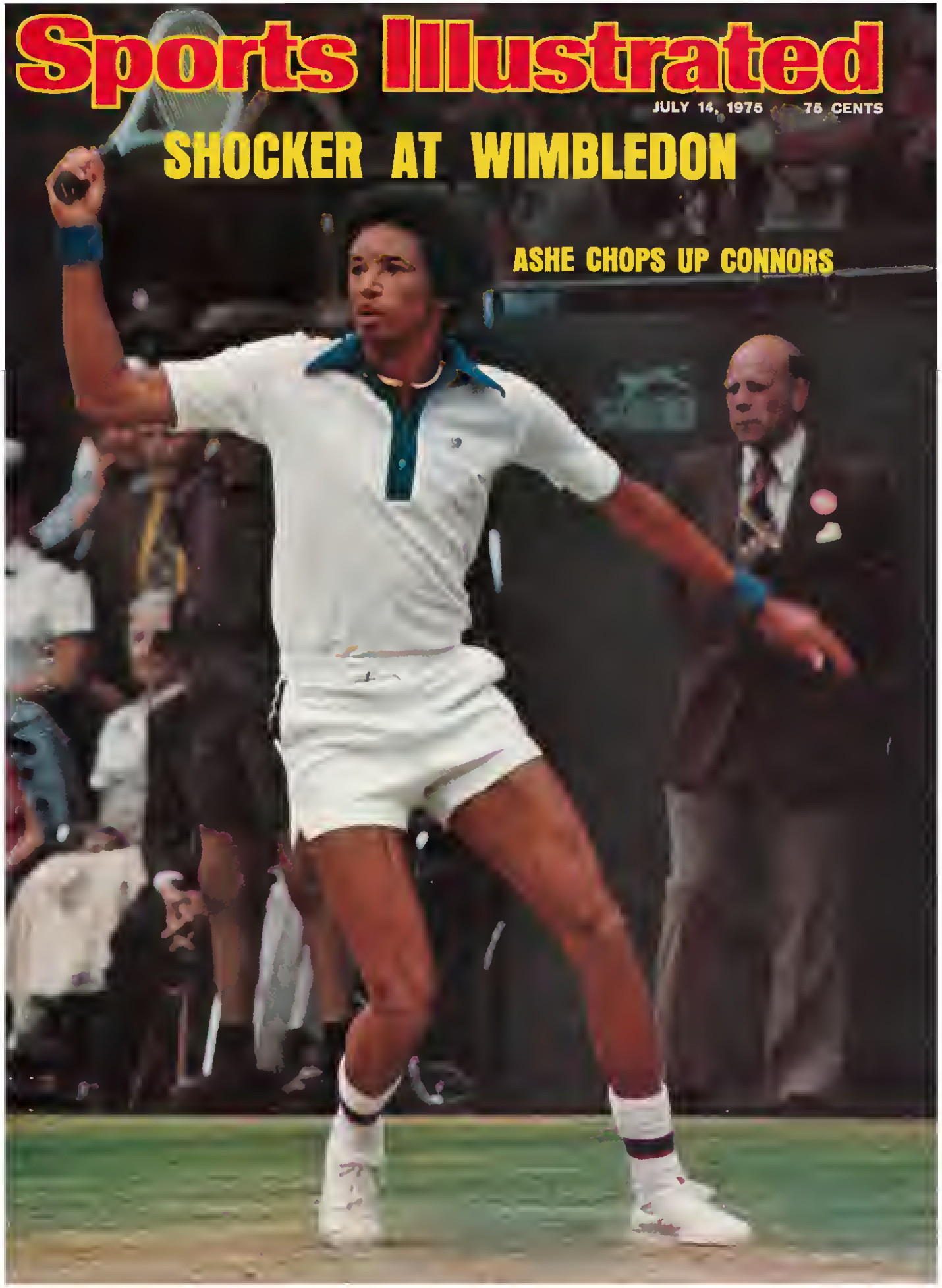

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1. To enter, complete the official entry form or, on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print in block letters the words "RAPID-SHAVE MIXED DOUBLES," along with your name, address, and zip code. Mail each entry separately to "RAPID-SHAVE MIXED DOUBLES," P.O. Box 679, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359.
2. Each entry must include the code number from the bottom of a Palmolive Rapid-Shave can or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have hand-printed the words "Rapid-Shave Mixed Doubles" in block letters. No purchase is necessary. To be eligible, entries must be postmarked no later than September 30, 1975 and received by October 15, 1975.
3. Prizewinners will be determined in a random drawing conducted after the close of the promotion from all entries received. Drawings to be conducted by Promotional Marketing Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. Prizes are non-transferable. Only one prize to any person or household. Vacation may be taken during the 1976 All American Tennis Academy's season (January 1-June 1 and September 1-December 31, 1976).
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii only, who are age 18 or older on September 30, 1975. Employees and their families of Colgate-Palmolive Company, its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and judging agencies are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Georgia, Missouri, and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State, and local laws and regulations apply. Odds of winning will be determined by total number of entries received.
5. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Rapid-Shave Winners List," P.O. Box 115, Saugatuck Station, Westport, Conn. 06880 on or before October 15, 1975.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

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Rapid-Shave wants you to look good out there

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36,000 miles tougher than the leading import.

Until now the toughest engine guarantee you could get on imports or American cars covered either 3 years or 50,000 miles, or one year with unlimited mileage. Well Chevrolet has just gone all the rest of them one tougher with a 60,000-mile or 5-year engine guarantee (whichever comes first) on new '75 Vegas and Monzas equipped with the 140-cubic-inch, 4-cylinder engine, delivered on or after June 25, 1975.

And that's 36,000 miles tougher than the leading import's engine guarantee.

Chevrolet guarantees to the owners of 1975 Chevrolets equipped with a 4-cylinder engine that any authorized Chevrolet dealer will make repairs, without charge to the owner, during the term of the guarantee, to the cylinder block, cylinder heads, all internal engine parts, the intake and exhaust manifolds and water pump, made necessary because of defects in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is in addition to the New Vehicle Warranty, but does not apply to repairs required because of misuse, negligence, alteration, accident or lack of reasonable or proper maintenance.

This guarantee is available to earlier purchasers of 1975 Vegas and 4-cylinder Monzas. These owners can purchase the additional coverage through any Chevrolet dealer before October 1, 1975.

37 MPG.

Vega's engine is economical as well as tough. The 1975 Chevy Vega Notchback equipped with the standard 3-speed manual transmission and the available 140-cubic-inch, 2-barrel engine is rated at 37 mpg in the U.S. Government EPA Federal highway test. And 23 mpg in the EPA city test.

$2836.

That's the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for a Vega Notchback, including the available 140-cubic-inch, 2-barrel engine at $50.00 and dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charges, other available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.

VEGA.

A 60,000-mile engine guarantee on a car that's rated at 37 mpg and that's priced well under $2900. That's Vega Notchback.

And on any new 140-cubic-inch, 4-cylinder '75 Vega that you buy from now on, whether you take 3, 4 or even 5 years to go 60,000 miles makes no difference. You're covered by one tough engine guarantee.

Chevrolet can do this because Vega is one tough car.

Vega Notchback

34 MPG.

The Monza Towne Coupe, equipped with the available 2.3-litre, 2-barrel engine and 5-speed manual transmission, is rated at 34 mpg in the U.S. Government EPA Federal highway test. And 21 mpg in the EPA city test. That's gas mileage that rivals the imports. Monzas with this equipment are now on their way to Chevy dealers and are subject to limited availability. Sorry, air conditioning not available with the 5-speed.

MONZA.

We've been suggesting all along that you should see your dealer and test-drive one of his newest Chevrolets: the sporty Monza 2+2, Monza S Hatchback or dressy Monza Towne Coupe.

Now, with a 60,000-mile engine guarantee on 4-cylinder models, Monza makes more sense than ever.

That's another reason why we're saying, don't make any deal until you've seen your Chevrolet dealer.

Monza Towne Coupe

Chevrolet

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20 mg "tar", 1 4 mg nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Next Week

HARD BY THE NORTH SEA in Scotland lies Carnoustie, site of the British Open. Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino will be at the unforgiving course trying to match Gary Player's three titles, as Dan Jenkins reports the action.

THE CHESAPEAKE is a bay of plenty—strings of geese crisscrossing its skies, its "critical zones" churning with fish. Robert H. Boyle and Mark Kram view the life within and surrounding the world's richest body of water.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue at [illegible] by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, N.Y., N.Y. 10020. J. R. Shepley, President; C. J. Grum, Treasurer; C. B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Also published as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the U.S. $14.00 a year.

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United States Steel reports on a productive use of human resources

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These air fares have restrictions including length of stay, days and times of travel. They are not available during certain holidays. The vacation price to San Juan is based on Eastern's round-trip 30-day tourist excursion fare of $261. Cruise prices are based on Group Inclusive Tour airfare to Ft. Lauderdale with groups of fifteen formed by Costa Line Cruise. Cruise prices do not include port and service charges.

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EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

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Productivity:
It's getting disabled workers back to work-faster.

"The words 'disabled' and 'useless' used to be synonymous, but not any more," says J. Carroll Bateman, President of the Insurance Information Institute. "There are very few people who can't be helped back to some kind of productive work."

As a matter of fact, the insurance industry is responding to the needs of disabled workers as never before. Every year, insurance company rehabilitation programs help more than 75,000 disabled people get back on the job—a figure that has tripled over the past ten years.

That's productivity. And that's why United States Steel spotlights the ongoing success of the rehabilitation concept. Any ideas that can improve our nation's productivity at this time are worthy of attention.

In recent years, the insurance companies have been expanding and updating their rehabilitation programs—using the very latest medical discoveries, surgical techniques and systems of therapy.

The result is that any seriously disabled worker now has a greatly improved chance of leading a self-supporting, productive life again—and making the necessary physical and emotional adjustments in much shorter time.

For example, take the most damaging of all major disabilities: spinal cord injuries. As many as 25% of the most recent cases have been helped back to productive work. Ten years ago, the figure would have been around 10%. And the total recovery period would have been twice as long.

Naturally, getting some patients back on their feet is costly. But these rehabilitation programs make sound economic sense for the insurance companies and the industries they insure. Helping a disabled person find the fastest way back to independence and self-esteem can often amount to less than the cost of continuous disability checks.

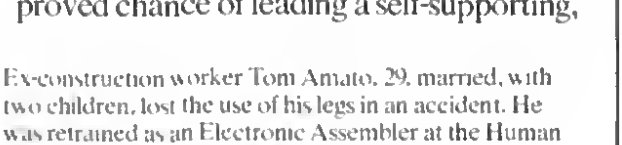
The rehabilitation concept is now being developed to an even greater potential. J. Carroll Bateman sums it up when he says, "rehabilitation is a journey, starting with a temporarily broken life and ending with a productive member of society. Our job is to make that journey as short as possible."

At U.S. Steel we're also trying to make the best possible use of our human resources. For example, at our plants throughout the country, we offer extensive Apprentice Training and Industrial Studies Programs to encourage employees to upgrade their skills and advance their knowledge. In this way thousands of U.S. Steel people are qualified for promotion to better jobs.

Productivity. We need more of it in America right now.

United States Steel, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

USS **We're involved.**



Ex-construction worker Tom Amato, 29, married, with two children, lost the use of his legs in an accident. He was retrained as an Electronic Assembler at the Human Resources Center, Albertson, Long Island, N.Y.

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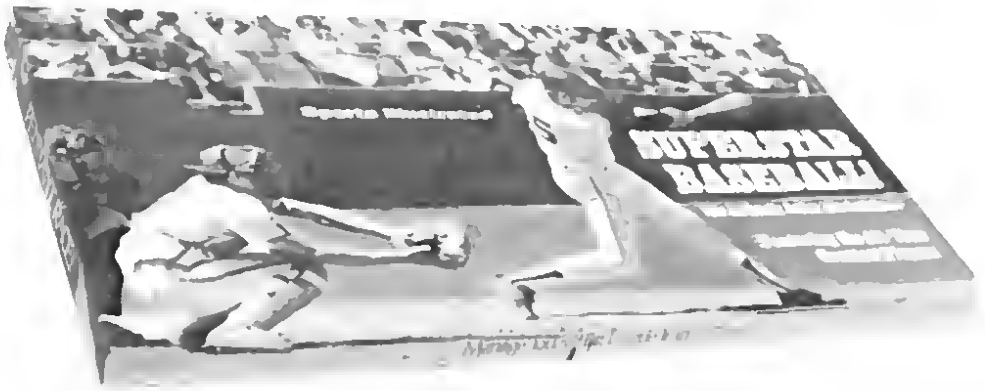

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S10714

SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

MEMORY LINE

By all odds, Teamster Day at Longacres Racecourse in Renton, Wash. would be one of the sport's more forgettable events. Not so for the Exacta winners in the 10th race: for $5, those who hit won $628.75. The date was June 28, 1975. Or, put numerically, 6-28-75. Or, put another way, if you didn't win, forget it.

CAPITAL CABANA

Republican recreational note of the week: President Ford's new swimming pool on the White House south lawn is now completed. In fact, the Chief Executive plunged in for the first time last week and pronounced it dandy. The swimming hole was built with private donations and, what with installations and landscaping, the bill came to $67,500.

For his first dip, the President changed into trunks and bathrobe in a small anteroom off the Oval Office. After his swim, officials got to looking at the nearly $60,000 in leftover donations and made an executive decision. Now they're going to build a private bathhouse at poolside. After all, we can't have folks wandering across the White House lawn in bathrobes. Even if they are Presidents of the United States.

THE BOTTOM LINE

After studying FORTUNE's annual rating of U.S. industries, a statistician figured that the National Football League would fit into the lineup at about No. 689. And like numerous businesses on the list above it, an NFL report issued last week shows that 1974 was not so hot. Profits were down by 45%. There was a players' strike. There were such worries as the World Football League helping itself to a Csonka or two. And through the year "no-shows" reached alarming heights.

The NFL Management Council offered disturbing statistics down the line: Ticket sales fell from $100.8 million in 1973 to $94.2 million. Eight teams in the league lost money last year, compared with just two in 1973. (The NFL is not saying which teams finished in the red.)

The average NFL team made a profit of $256,000 in 1974, as compared with $472,500 the year before, the report said. Actual league income before taxes rose slightly over 1973, but this is largely because of a $15 million boost in TV and radio revenue. Of course, increased TV coverage leads to increased no-shows and decreased ticket sales in a sort of Catch-22 situation.

Meanwhile, the Players' Union is loath to accept the figures, maintaining that the league is playing pauper as a subterfuge to cut rosters from 47 to 43. Maybe so. The fact remains that 1975 is going to be an important year for No. 689.

MAKING IT PERFECTLY CLEAR

The next sound you hear will be the gnashing of teeth all around the NBA, a reaction stirred once again by George McGinnis. This time, it's not McGinnis' availability as a player that creates the frustration, it's his candor. The big center dropped by hometown Indianapolis last week and commented on his role in particular and that of pro basketball in general. He feels a bit like James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan, McGinnis said, living in a world he never made: "The structure of pro basketball right now is the craziest thing I ever heard of."

Interviewed by the *Indianapolis News*' Larry Fortner, McGinnis said he is not going to return the $500,000 bonus he got for signing with the New York Knicks, despite the fact that the accompanying $3.1 million, six-year contract was later voided by Commissioner Larry O'Brien. "The money is in the bank drawing interest," he said. "I'm not going to put myself in the position of being personally responsible for paying it back. I don't know exactly what will happen about the bonus; I think that the team I sign with will make some kind of settlement with the Knicks.

"Look what's happening," McGinnis continued. "You've got the owners of one league fighting the owners of the other—and while they're fighting, the players are ripping both of them off. It's stupid. The fans are getting tired of all the hassle—this guy's contract for $2 million or that guy's court battle. Fans are sick of reading about McGinnis and his big money when they have to pay $1.50 to park, $6 to get into a game and a buck for a beer. It's too much. They can't even afford to take their families to a game. The way things are now, it's got to go higher, not lower. It's going to hurt basketball."

Then McGinnis allowed, in closing, "There's no way I'm worth $3 million to play basketball. I used to do it for nothing."

LEANER AND MEANER

Something's got to give, the Texas A&I economists ruled, and the athletic budget has got to give up 16%. That sort of unkind cut would set most football coaches and athletic directors to howling, but Gil Steinke, who is both at A&I, coolly faced up to it a year ago—and here he is now with his report:

- Economize on uniforms and equipment. Says Steinke, "If you win, what difference does it make how you look?"
- Quit feeding the players after home football games. "They're more interested

in going to fraternity parties than in eating, anyway."
- Eliminate the training table. "Our guys get fat enough on regular dorm food as it is."
- Economize on travel. "Leave home as late as possible to save one meal on the road, and return right after the game.

continued

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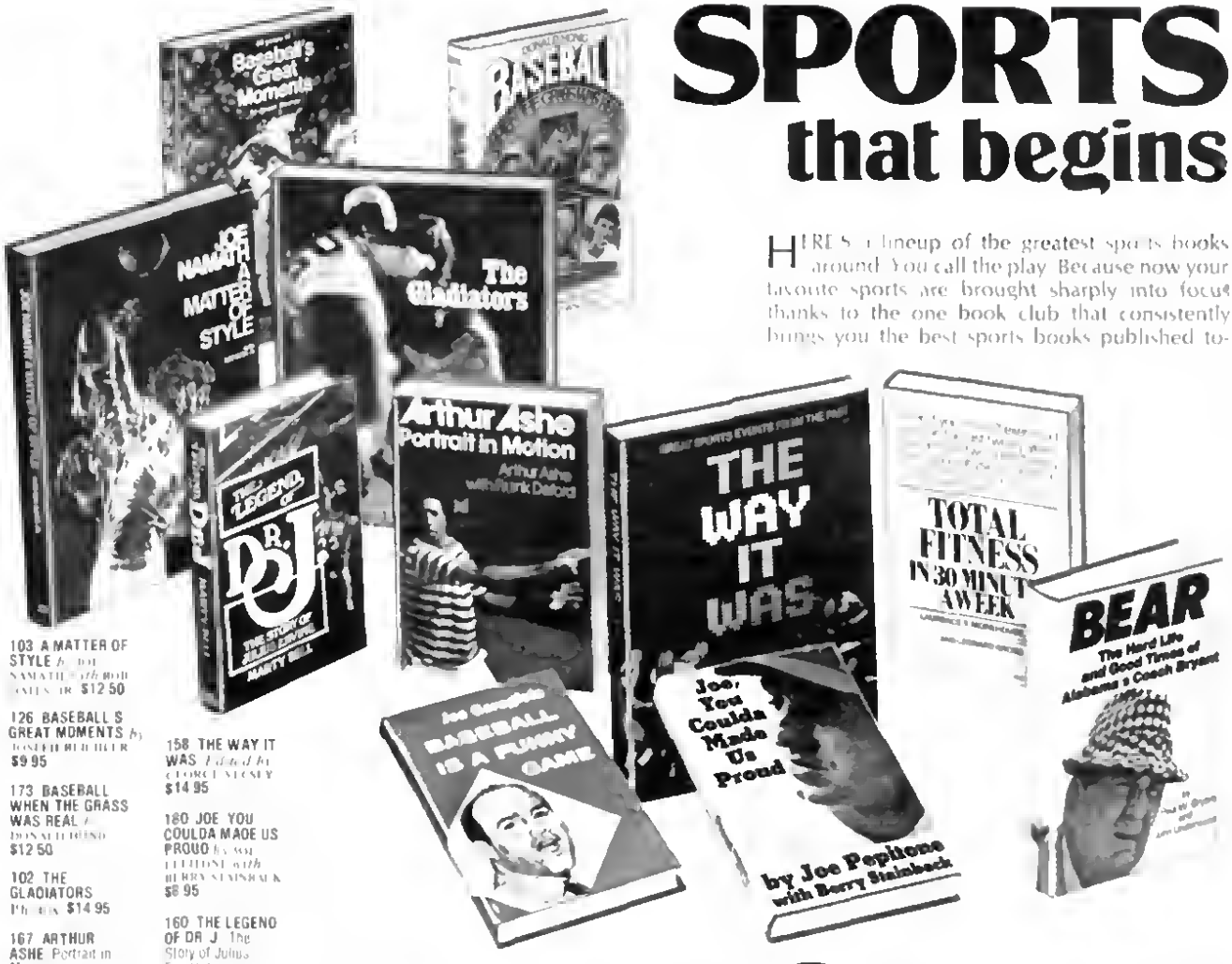

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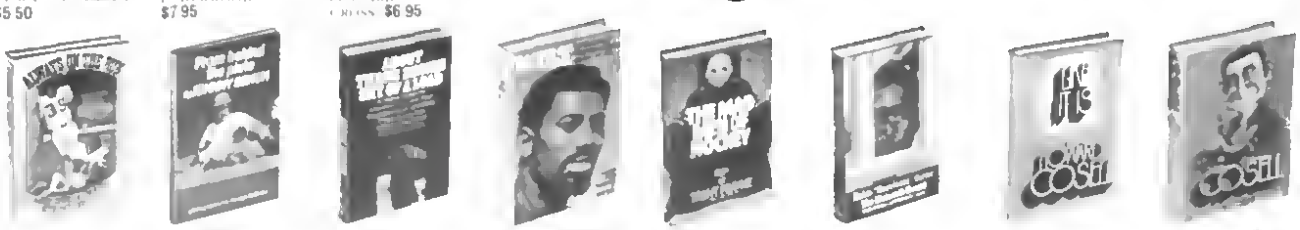

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• [illegible] Sports Illustrated Book Club and [illegible] Sports Illustrated Book Club [illegible] Sports Illustrated Book Club [illegible] Sports Illustrated Book Club

So you get back at 4 a.m.; if you stay, your players are going to be up until four, anyway."

Lest someone thunder that such savings must hinder success, Steinke's economical Javelinas went from a 2-8 record in 1973 to 13-0 and the NAIA championship last year. And lest someone think that he has his back to the budget wall, the coach figures even more savings are possible. Steinke suggests eliminating scouting in favor of exchanging films; dropping laundry money for scholarship athletes ("I figure NCAA schools could save up to $35,000 here"); and cutting out full-ride scholarship grants in non-revenue sports.

And here goes Steinke to the bone:

"Reduce the size of coaching staffs. I know of one school with a staff so big they have an assistant to coach offensive right guards. Some teams have so many managers and trainers you have to run their pictures on two pages in the game program. There's a lot of fat in every athletic department, no matter the size of the budget, and I guess we proved it at A&I." Then the coach added his clincher: "Maybe the moral of our story is that hungry people work harder."

MOTHER'S DAY

Nancy Fitzgerald is a fierce competitor in golf. She is cool under pressure, drives the ball well and putts beautifully. She is also eight months pregnant. That last item is merely a physical condition, not a handicap.

Playing through 90° heat and wilting humidity in the finals, the 30-year-old mother of two shot a one-under-par 73 to capture the Indianapolis women's city championship 2-up. Then she had a few comments for the world's mothers-to-be. If a woman is feeling well, she said, she recommends golf during pregnancy. Her doctor-husband approved of her tournament appearance, and besides, a hospital was nearby and she was issued an extra-fast golf cart. Other than that, there was nothing unusual about the afternoon. "The women thought it was great that I was playing," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "but all the men were nervous."

GOTTA HAVE HEART

Proof that no sport draws more dedication than fishing: angler hooks large sturgeon on the Oregon shore of the Columbia River. Terrific battle ensues until the fish braces against a rock, standard sturgeon tactic. After an hour of tugging, the fisherman calls to a friend and hands him the rod. Friend holds rod while angler fumbles in tackle box, then returns, takes rod back and resumes the fight.

"What was all that about?" asks an onlooker. "Oh, he's got angina," says the friend. "Whenever it hits him, I hold the rod while he takes his nitroglycerin."

BRIDE AND SWOON

All through the intensity of the NBA playoffs, rookie Guard Phil Smith emerged as one of the toughest of the Golden State Warriors. Clouted on the jaw in one tangle with some Chicago Bulls, he twice pushed the team trainer away so that he could get back into action, not realizing that he was bleeding. Then the season ended, and he stepped up to marry college sweetheart Angela Brown. And when the minister asked him the key question, tough, cool Phil Smith fainted.

The minister took it calmly enough. "There will be a short halftime intermission before we resume," he said.

HOBDOY WINS

A brand-new committee is studying the situation, but the prospects are not bright for settling college football's perennial "We're No. 1" argument. That is, a true No. 1 by actual combat, wire service and other polls notwithstanding. Back in 1968 an NCAA panel weighed a national championship tournament for its major, Division I, schools, but disbanded without making such a recommendation. The new group under Temple Athletic Director Ernie Casals is made up of entirely different people, but it still doesn't follow that they'll endorse a playoff, despite the fact that NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers is on record as favoring it. However, "I don't expect to see it in my lifetime," he says.

Items in favor include added revenue, always welcome, and the fact that the NCAA is now conducting playoffs in its lower divisions without any notably bad consequences. But items against seem more persuasive. There is a reluctance to interfere with present bowl structures because, as one official put it, "The bowl people have been very good friends of college football and we enjoy an old and fruitful relationship." Further, the Big Ten and Pac-8 have a sweetheart situation in the Rose Bowl; the Southeast Conference usually gets four to six of its teams into bowls, and the Big Eight has signed with the Orange Bowl to put its champion in there every season. Any change in this setup requires a majority-vote NCAA amendment and these powerful conferences would be reluctant to support a new program.

That brings the NCAA back to the alternative of arbitrarily picking teams to play for the championship, such as selecting two teams from among four bowl-game winners. Another version would involve winners of three bowl games: the NCAA would simply eliminate one team and match the other two in a grand finale, shifting the championship game site among the bowls. But the potential for resentment and debate would be enormous. It looks as if there may never be a wholly satisfactory No. 1.

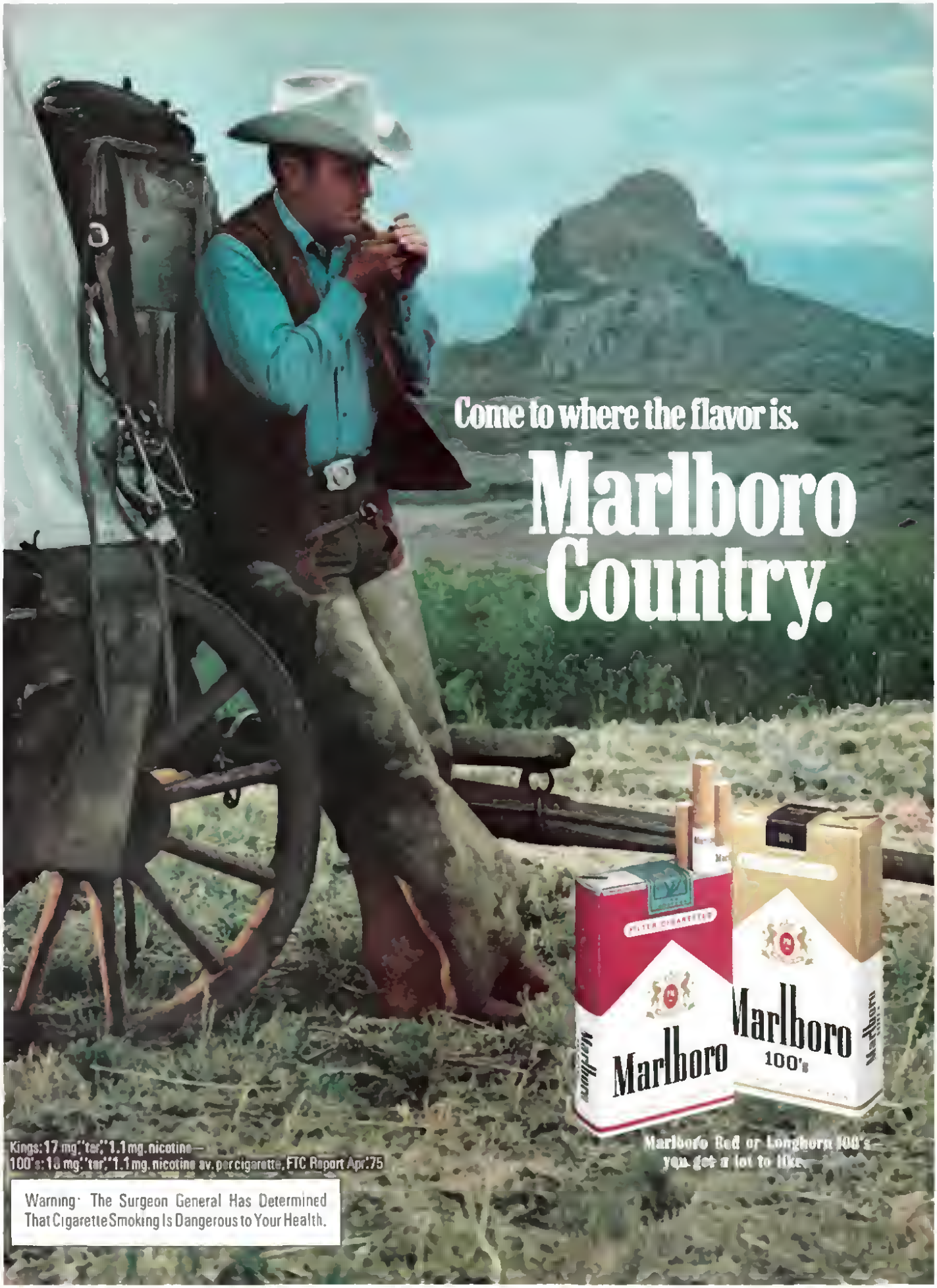
ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

Every year about this time, Ottawa's daily *Le Droit* conducts a contest to pick the outstanding French-speaking pro athlete of the year. This time, the newspaper announced, the winner was Guy Lafleur of the NHL Montreal Canadiens, and he was presented with a dandy trophy and a check for $1,000. So far, so good.

So far, so bad: surprised committee panelists who did the voting got to comparing notes and confirmed that most of them had voted for Andre Lacroix of the World Hockey Association's San Diego Mariners. They confronted the newspaper, and suspicions were confirmed. Lacroix had been the rightful winner, all right, but committee heads, preferring the NHL over the WHA, had disregarded the voting and picked Lafleur on their own. With that, the embarrassed newspaper identified the real winner and promptly popped a check in the mail to him. All is calm again in Ottawa.

THEY SAID IT

- Casey Stengel, after the annual Oldtimers Day at Shea Stadium: "Oldtimers weekends and airplane landings are alike. If you can walk away from them, they're successful."
- Edson Arantes do Naseimento, New York Cosmos, on his nickname: "I don't know what it means. But I was lucky my friends gave it to me as a boy because it's easy for everyone in the world to say Pele."
- Winston Hill, New York Jets tackle, on staying in condition: "I'm on a seafood diet. I eat everything I see." **END**


Come to where the flavor is.
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Sports Illustrated
JULY 14, 1972

A CENTRE COURT CASE

Their pending lawsuits were moot when Arthur Ashe and Jimmy Connors went to trial at Wimbledon, and the surprising verdict went to Ashe. Just as emphatically, Billie Jean King retired a winner

by JOE JARES

Every Wimbledon fortnight the sports pages of London's newspapers, from the most lurid fish wraps and garbage-pail liners right up to the weighty *Times* and *Guardian*, bristle with examples of the hyperbolic school of sports writing. Passing shots become, for example, "genuine pearls, but not strung sufficiently together to make the desired necklace." A Wimbledon champion, wrote a Fleet Street sage, "is acknowledged as being tempered with steel from the most fiery furnace." In the fertile minds of London's press-box poets, matches are likely to be transformed into sword fights, ballets or Shakespearean tragedies.

Last Saturday the writers might have imagined Centre Court as a court of law, for what was taking place on that worn but still sacred lawn was something unique in sport—a championship match between two men who were fighting each other in enough multimillion-dollar lawsuits to give any judge a headache and any attorney an air of rapture.

It should have been just defending champion Jimmy Connors vs. Arthur Ashe in Wimbledon's first All-American final since 1947, when Jack Kramer creamed Tom Brown. But practically on Wimbledon eve still another suit was announced: Connors was suing Ashe for $3 million, charging libel and slander. As the litigants battled toward each other through the two halves of the draw, speculation dwelled on the legal aspects. Would the umpire wear a robe and powdered wig? Would Ashe be served a summons during the break after the odd game? Would they refuse to shake hands after the final point?

None of that happened. What did happen was a good old-fashioned tennis upset, one that did not require the ghost

King's sixth Wimbledon victory was a decisive 6-0, 6-1 over Evonne Goolagong Cawley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

Serving sharply, lobbing unusually well and mixing his shots, Ashe put Connors . . .

of Blackstone to heighten the drama. Connors came to the finals after blasting his way through six matches, including the annihilation of Roscoe Tanner in the semifinals, and his performances had drawn deserved rave reviews. But Ashe played magnificently on the big day, jumping into a comfortable lead, holding off Connors' expected recovery and winning his first Wimbledon title 6–1, 6–1, 5–7, 6–4. The £10,000 first prize boosted his 1975 earnings to $200,161—enough even for a legal defense fund.

If the women's side of the tournament did not provide any courtroom drama, it dripped with sentiment, for the remarkable Billie Jean King announced early on that this would be her last major singles tournament and that she would only be returning to Wimbledon for "hit and giggle tennis." For the first time in years the Centre Court crowds were with her as she made a gutsy comeback in the semifinals to beat Chris Evert 2–6, 6–2, 6–3 and then romped over newlywed Evonne Goolagong Cawley in the Friday final 6–0, 6–1. It should be noted that it was the second time this year that King has proclaimed her retirement.

The defeats of defending champions Connors and Evert wiped out the bettors who went for the so-called "lovebird double" in William Hill's gambling tent set up on the Tea Lawn. The young Americans were engaged last year when they won at Wimbledon, but they are no longer engaged or even dating, and when that news leaked out the second week of the tournament, it hit page one in the evening fish wraps, crowding out stories of the sinking pound. Connors' frequent companion at the tournament and on the town in the evenings was British actress Susan George. "We're just good friends," she said, insisting that American singer Jack Jones is "still my man." For his part, Connors insisted the lipstick smeared on his cheek came from his mother.

Connors might not have been misleading the tabloids about the lipstick, for his mother, Gloria Connors, is surely one of the most fervent rooters in the world. Several Wimbledons ago she had to be warned about excessive noise, so she has taken to clutching her rosary beads during her son's matches. There was a crisis, however, just before Jimmy's fifth-round match vs. Mexican Raul Ramirez. Gloria had left her beads at the hotel. In desperation she turned to an American photographer who had previously kidded her about her nervousness and displayed his own beads. Could she borrow them now? The photographer's mother had given them to him when he went into the Army years ago and he had not been without them since, but he made the sac-

continued

. . . down, and beat the odds against him

Connors' performance in routing troublesome Tenner made him a straight-set favorite.

WIMBLEDON *continued*

rifice. For Gloria, it must have been like playing a big match with an untested racket.

To reach the final, Connors had a reasonably difficult gantlet to run. He beat John Lloyd, Vijay Amritraj, Mark Cox, Phil Dent, eighth-seeded Ramirez and 11th-seeded Tanner. He did it without losing a set and was forced into a tie breaker only in the first set with Amritraj. Connors was so overwhelming against Tanner who evaluated Connors' play as "the best ever, I think even better than in the final last year"—that most people felt Ashe had no more chance than a scoop of ice cream in that fiery furnace. On Hill's board Saturday morning Connors was 3 to 20 to win and 9 to 10 to win in straight sets.

The last three men to go through Wimbledon without dropping a set were Don Budge in 1938, Tony Trabert in 1955 and Chuck McKinley in 1963 (when there were so many upsets he did not have to play another seed). If a bettor was loony enough to want Ashe in straight sets, the odds were 40 to 1. He was 23 to 5 to win.

Ashe, almost 32, had had anything but a smooth cruise. Bob Hewitt took him to four sets in the very first round. Britain's Graham Stilwell did the same in the fifth round, and many thought Ashe's four-set victory over Sweden's Bjorn Borg in the quarters was the result of Borg's groin-muscle injury.

"I continued to play because I thought that perhaps I was just a little bit stiff," said Borg. "It got worse and I had problems in moving up and down the court. I started feeling pain by the fifth game. It was difficult for me to go to the net. You have to get under the ball on grass but I couldn't do it. There was no way I could bend my knees, there was so much pain."

While Connors was breezing past Tanner in the semis, Ashe had a five-set struggle with Australian Tony Roche, losing a fourth-set tie breaker, then coming back to win the fifth 6–4. Despite all that trauma and the lawsuits, Ashe remained confident and serene. His goals for this year had been to win the finals of the World Championship Tennis circuit (which he did, beating Borg in May) and then Wimbledon. That he was the first black male ever to play in a Wimbledon final or that his legal costs were piling up didn't seem to affect him

On Saturday, Ashe and Connors walked onto Centre Court together and made the customary bows to the royal box. Ashe was wearing his U.S A. Davis Cup warmup jacket, perhaps to needle Jimmy, who has refused to play Davis Cup the last few years. Almost before people had settled in their seats, Ashe had broken Connors' serve three straight times and won the first set 6–1. So much for Connors joining Budge, Trabert and McKinley. So much for those who had backed Connors in straight sets.

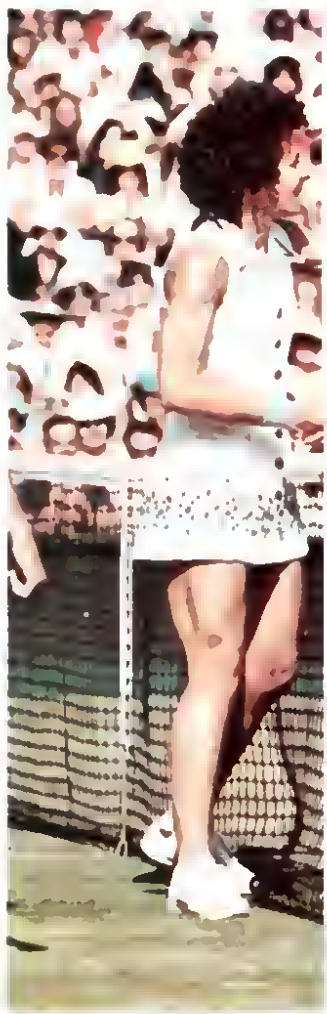
Ashe was playing the way a junkball pitcher handles a baseball, softly returning serves, gently stroking his passing shots. But he was an Eddie Lopat with a Nolan Ryan fastball in reserve, and occasionally he let loose a streaking backhand or a deep top-spin forehand. Connors was struggling, netting many more shots than usual. Ashe, who has a reputation for lobbing poorly, was lobbing well and often, and serving calmly and confidently. He won the second set, again at 6–1.

Nobody believed this would continue, and it didn't. Connors, down a break in the third set, broke right back and went on to win. He then broke Ashe again in the fourth set to lead 3–0. The avalanche seemed to be starting. But Ashe, as cool as ever, broke back twice to take the set and match.

As tradition demands, Ashe came to the net to shake hands, but before he did he turned to the players' guest box and triumphantly held up his right fist to his friend and agent, Donald Dell, a defendant in one of Connors' suits.

"I always thought I would win," he said afterward. "I was pretty confident. I'd been playing well."

In the women's singles, the usual four ended up in the semis: King, Evert, Margaret Court and Goolagong Cawley, who had beaten British heroine Virginia Wade in a splendid quarterfinal match. It was probably Wade's finest Wimble-

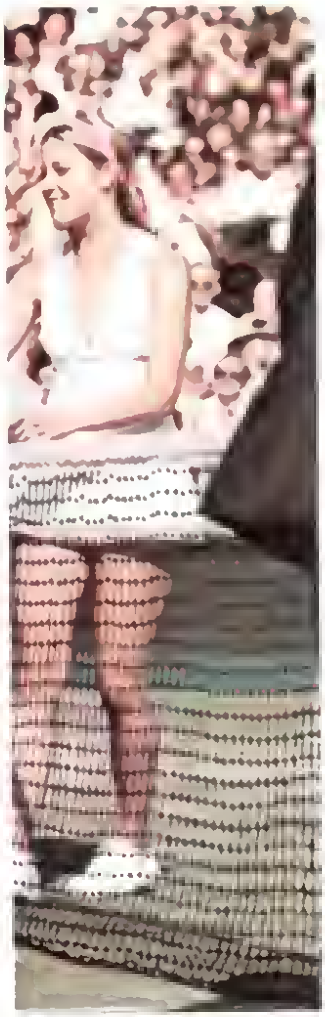


don and it took Cawley at her flowing best to stop her. Then, in the Aussie side of the semis, Cawley had a fairly easy time with Court, 6–4, 6–4.

In the American semis Evert, who had won 28 straight matches since losing to Wade in Philadelphia last April, met a player she had never beaten on grass. When Chris won the first set 6–2, it appeared that the older generation (King is 31, Court almost 33) was bowing out meekly. But King bowing out meekly would be like the Rolling Stones singing a lullaby. She fell behind a break in the second set, then went to work, breaking back twice to win 6–2. Once again in the third set she fell behind and once again she fought back, winning five games in a row to take the decider 6–3.

"I don't know how I got out of that one," she said. "I just love it here. I love that Centre Court. I wish I could hug it sometimes."

A consoling pat from King was Chris Evert's only reward after defeat in their semifinal.



With King her best and Cawley playing back to the form that helped her win at Wimbledon in 1971, the women's final could have been a classic. Instead it was a fiasco. King played well but Cawley was a shadow of what she had been against Wade and Court. The Wimbledon historians had to go back in the record book to 1951 to find a women's final as one-sided as King's 6–0, 6–1 victory, and to 1911 to find one worse.

"What a way to end my career by winning the singles here at Wimbledon," said King. "I think I'm the most fortunate woman athlete who ever lived."

Her victory gave the British trivia experts a chance to show off their knowledge of the championship rolls. These gentlemen love to tell such stories as how the tournament was started back in 1877 to raise money for repairs to a horse-drawn roller and how that roller still sits at one end of Centre Court because it is too big to remove. Or how a ball struck in anger once hit the rail of the royal box. Scandalous! Anyway, the trivialists had a happy time with King. It was her 19th title, equaling the record set by Elizabeth Ryan (all in doubles) from 1914 to 1934. (Ryan, now 83, sent King a congratulatory message.) It was her sixth singles title, putting her in a tie with Suzanne Lenglen but still two behind Helen Wills Moody, who was 8-1 in Wimbledon finals compared to King's 6-3.

King really had a good chance to pull off her third Wimbledon triple and become the alltime trophy collector in that department. She and mixed-doubles partner Roche did reach the third round, but Roche had developed a sore stomach muscle and chose to drop out and save himself for singles. In women's doubles King and longtime partner Rosemary Casals were seeded second but lost in the semis.

It was a very nice fortnight for American youth. Women's doubles was won by Kazuko Sawamatsu of Japan in partnership with a 19-year-old Californian, Ann Kiyomura, another in a long line of fine female players from that state (King, Casals, Ryan, Moody, Hazel Wightman, Helen Jacobs, Alice Marble, Maureen Connolly, etc.). No seeded team reached the semis of men's doubles, which was won by Alex Mayer, 23, and Vitas Gerulaitis, 19. Curiously, neither is ranked in the U.S. top 15 and they were

Evonne hit her peak against Virginia Wade

one of the worst doubles teams on the WCT circuit earlier this year.

Jimmy Connors, at 22, is no graybeard, either. "I walked in here with my head high, I walk out with my head high," he said after his loss to Ashe. "And I'll be back here next year and my head will be even higher." **END**

"He's just a friend," said Susan of Jimmy.

IT ENDED WITH ONE FATAL STEP

Blazing down the backstretch, Ruffian was leading Foolish Pleasure when fragile bones in her right foreleg suddenly snapped. Her rival raced on to an empty triumph, and the brilliant filly's career ended in death **by JACK MANN**

It was billed as the Great Match Race. It turned into a disaster. Unbeaten Ruffian, the superlative filly, had raced a blistering half mile with Foolish Pleasure in a head-to-head duel last Sunday at Belmont Park in New York when suddenly the sesamoids in her right foreleg, those complex and fragile bones near the fetlock a few inches above the hoof, splintered beneath her outsize 1,125 pounds, piercing her flesh.

That night at the nearby veterinary hospital of Dr. William O. Reed, a team of six doctors, including Dr. Edward Keefer, operated on her. Keefer, an orthopedic surgeon, was one of several doctors called in to save the life of the brilliant colt, Hoist the Flag, in 1971 after a similar shattering incident; he also helped design an artificial foot for Spanish Riddle, which saved that fine sprinter for stud duty. But this time all the skill and wisdom could not do it, and early Monday morning the filly was dead.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

The accident happened halfway up the backstretch, three quarters of a mile from the finish of the mile-and-a-quarter race. Both the filly and the colt had come roaring out of the starting gate located in the chute on the far side of the racetrack, Foolish Pleasure a neck ahead at first, maybe more. Ruffian quickly drew even and got her head in front as they went through the first quarter mile in 22⅗ seconds, exceptionally fast time. Early in the second quarter, the last she would ever run, Ruffian appeared to be opening up on Foolish Pleasure, as the smart money figured she would. She had half a length on him, perhaps even three quarters.

As the first half mile neared completion the race was being run in a style approaching the perfection demanded by purists—or by CBS-TV, which had put up most of the extravagant $350,000 purse. The big, almost black filly ran her second quarter in 22⅗ seconds, very fast, just as fast as she was supposed to run, and the little bay colt was running with her, showing surprising speed to go with his unquestioned courage. He had even closed some of Ruffian's early margin as they reached the candy-striped three-quarter pole directly across from the grandstand. Perhaps a stride past that marker Foolish Pleasure was suddenly in the lead, half a length, a length in front—and the cheering crowd of 50,764 found itself choking back those cheers. Ruffian had stumbled, sagged and staggered off to her right toward the outside rail. Jockey Jacinto Vasquez pulled her to a stop, jumped off and peered at her with concern as Foolish Pleasure went on his lonely way around Belmont's far turn to the finish line.

An ambulance, incongruous on a track

Her shattered leg bleeding into a plastic air splint, the distraught filly rears in anguish.

All by himself after the accident, Foolish Pleasure stitches a lonesome trail to victory.

designed for horses, moved down the backstretch toward the dismounted jockey and the disabled Ruffian, and from the other direction a square green horse van moved quietly, ominously, onto the scene. The saddle was stripped from the filly's back, and Dr. Manuel Gilman, the track veterinarian, put her right foreleg in a plastic air-inflated cast. She reared in pain, twisted, bent over, but finally allowed herself to be led, limping, into the van.

On the opposite side of the track, in front of the quiet grandstand, Jockey Braulio Baeza guided Foolish Pleasure past the finish line. Although Baeza knew the race had ended when he heard Ruffian's leg pop, his colt had passed six furlongs in 1:08⅘, only a fifth of a second off the Belmont track record, set by horses who did not have to run alone or any farther than that. And though Foolish Pleasure was then easing up, running his last half mile in a sedate 54⅘, his time for the mile and a quarter was 2:02⅖, less than a second slower than his winning time in the Kentucky Derby.

Baeza, businesslike as usual, brought Foolish Pleasure back to the winner's circle, where there was a perfunctory, joyless trophy presentation. He then strode off, in his Genghis Khan way, toward the jockeys' room. Outside the door he kissed his children, went inside and asked for Vasquez. Baeza's fellow Panamanian was in the shower, having been excused from his mount in the next race.

Baeza, like Foolish Pleasure's trainer LeRoy Jolley, had believed his horse could beat Ruffian, but he had another motive in this race. In 1968 Baeza had ridden for Frank Whiteley, Ruffian's trainer, and had been beaten in two stakes. Whiteley criticized Baeza's rides, and in turn the jockey says he has had "no respect for that creep" ever since.

"I wanted to beat him on the level," he said after the ill-fated match race. "I believe it would have been neck and neck to the quarter pole, and then I would have pulled away."

Baeza found Vasquez, and the two chatted in Spanish for a while. They had each heard the snap, "like when you break a stick" when the sesamoids shattered. "My horse was running very comfortable," Vasquez said. "My instructions were to go as fast as I had to. She didn't give me no warning. It's lucky I had a tight hold on her when it happened, or I could have gone down. I am sure—I am positive—that she would have won the race if she didn't get hurt."

It was a habit with Ruffian's people to assume victory. Before last Sunday she had raced 10 times and won all 10, none of them really contested. In eight she had tied or broken stakes records. She had won well over $300,000, even though her 2-year-old season was shortened last August by a hairline fracture in her right rear leg. And she earned the $125,000 loser's share in the match race, the New York Racing Association declared, even though the rules of racing say a horse must carry its assigned weight, jockey and all, across the finish line to be eligible for any part of a purse.

Foolish Pleasure won $225,000, more or less by default, but LeRoy Jolley was far from exultant. "I saw what happened," he said, "and I watched my horse go the rest of the way. I saw him cross the finish line. I am always going to believe my horse could have beaten her anyway, because he was just where I wanted him to be when it happened.

"It's the thing you fear every time you saddle a horse," he said as he walked back toward his barn. "You always think about it and you hope he comes back in one piece. With horses that run as hard as these two, the risk you run is greater. They throw everything they have into it, and if it kills them, it kills them."

At Whiteley's barn, Dr. Gilman removed the air cast and put Ruffian's leg into a bucket of ice cubes, which were soon the color of iced tea from her blood. After a bit he removed the leg from the ice and applied a second air cast, as a tear trickled down the filly's black nose onto the arm of Assistant Trainer Mike Bell, who was cradling her head. Whiteley supported her knee as Gilman worked.

"She'll walk by herself," Gilman said, after the cast was in place, and the filly hobbled toward the stall. But Whiteley and Yates Kennedy, the exercise boy who had tested Ruffian's destructive speed in many morning workouts, linked hands under her belly and tried to help her. Later, heavily tranquilized, she was moved to the hospital for the vain effort to save her.

Earlier, Mrs. Stuart Janney, owner with her husband of Ruffian, sniffed back her tears, shook her silver curls and tried to smile as her nephew, Dinny Phipps, came to her through the crowd gathered at the barn. Phipps, vice-chairman of the NYRA, had been a co-architect of the match race. Trying to find something encouraging to say to other visitors, he mentioned that trainer John Russell knew of a horse that not only had come back from fractured sesamoids but had even raced again.

"The doctors can do these things," Vasquez said. "She's a very intelligent filly. She'll help them to help her."

But she didn't. Instead, she struggled against the doctors' ministrations, even under sedation. They could do nothing for her, and she had to be destroyed. Her fiery nature was the root cause of her accident and death. Nobody was to blame, Dr. Gilman said. "There is no explanation," he said. "Just a bad step." **END**

Entangled but swinging. Monzon winds up to bang Licata, whom he TKO'd in the 10th round.

A TWO-RING CIRCUS

Supporting Ali-Bugner in Malaysia, Madison Square Garden brought in Carlos Monzon and Victor Galindez to defend titles **by MARK KRAM**

Fight nights were always special, combining a certain Elizabethan tawdriness with café society taking a breather between nightclubs; that seemed to be the air of the old Madison Square Garden. Now, since moving into that sterile box above Amtrak's rachitic trains, the Garden has become a blend of Latin hysteria, strayed "look-alikes" out of *Vogue* and *Gentlemen's Quarterly* and that fading handful of loyalists who think Jimmy Walker is still Mayor of New York, remembering a time when the beer was zestier, the women prettier and the fights better.

Wheezing and tired, rapidly losing its preeminence as a world ring center, Garden Boxing—co-promoters with Don King Productions—beckoned the fancy once more last week with a card that whetted the curiosity more than the appetite. Here was Argentinian Carlos Monzon, the middleweight king since 1970, making his first appearance in the U.S., against Tony Licata of Tampa, for the World Boxing Association title; Argentinian Victor Galindez against Argentinian Jorge Ahumada for the WBA light heavyweight title; and, by closed-circuit satellite, Muhammad Ali in defense of the heavyweight crown against England's Joe Bugner in exotic Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Drawing a crowd of 13,496, the evening left one with several conclusions that persisted even after a calming night's sleep. 1) Galindez should make a quite respectable champion. 2) The once proud and brutally rugged middleweight division is as arid and desolate as an atomic testing site. 3) The travelogue before Ali's fight might not have been bad if it had been audible.

The evening opened with Galindez vs. Ahumada. "It's not possible for me to lose," Galindez said beforehand of the former dishwasher he had knocked out twice previously. "He is just a good boxer, that's all." Galindez seemed more taken by the thought of what it all meant: "A chance to become popular all over the world," he said. The more immediate prospect had made Ahumada nervous, and the tension would break upon him like an undammed river. Galindez, a dour young man, went about the destruction of Ahumada with the solemnity and certainty of an Italian bricklayer working on a chapel. He is built close to the ground, box-shaped, and when one is around him, there is always a sense of high explosives being nearby. In the third round he caught Ahumada with a left, dropping him and causing Trainer Gil Clancy to complain about the punch being behind the bell. Snorting, hooking and using a right hand that had the authority of a slaughterhouse hammer, Galindez made the complaint irrelevant as he got Ahumada into serious trouble three more times. No boxer, certainly not one of Ahumada's caliber, was going to handle Galindez' strength and combinations on this night, and the decision was perfunctory.

While the look of Galindez may not be the stuff of Homer and Virgil, there is a beautiful rage in him. The same cannot be said of Carlos Monzon, who is a perfectly shaped middleweight, tall with long arms and with style running through every sinew up to his dramatic Belmondo face. At 32 he was making his American debut with a truly brilliant dossier: in his last 78 bouts—11 years' worth—he had not been beaten. His hardest fights seem to have been with his wife, who allegedly winged him once in self-defense with a .22, and with his own persona, which is often bitter, suspicious and generally confused.

"He's an angry, nasty guy," says the long-faded Emile Griffith, who lost to Monzon twice during the fading. "He'd spit in your eye. We are friendly now, but he can be evil."

Evil was hardly the word for Monzon against Licata, a busy but ineffectual fighter whose strategy was simple enough: move away from Monzon's "great" right hand, distract him with the

left hand, then volley with authority. All this turned out to be mere drawing-room conversation; like John Steinbeck's Lenny, fighters love to be told how things are going to be. They listen well but translate badly.

Licata won the first round, which anyone could have done against Monzon's imitation of a cigar-store Indian. Monzon became slightly more animated as the fight went on, and Licata became hyperactive—to his detriment. It was obvious that Licata likes to hear a crowd respond, likes to please it, and that by nature he is a fighter with more heart than his style can bear. Along the way he apparently became convinced that he could hurt Monzon, an astounding example of self-hypnosis. The consequence was that Licata was knocked down three times, the last coming at 17 seconds before the end of the 10th round, when the bout was stopped.

What to say of Monzon, except that for once the old reactionaries who grouse over the present and slog sentimentally through the past are correct? Carlos Monzon came to New York as a legend, "pound for pound better than Sugar Ray Robinson" as the old wheeze goes. Sugar should sue for slander; not only is Monzon not a legend, he is a mere footnote, the product of Latin generosity and emotion.

"He would have given Robinson a hard night," said Gil Clancy later. Granted, the air in New York does funny things to one's eyes, but that can hardly be the excuse for such a misreading as Clancy's; it must be hoped that he is not suddenly bereft of good sense but merely oiling a machine for future use. For Monzon is heavy on the eyes. He is sloppy. He is slow. He has no leverage nor the slightest notion of how to achieve it. His lack of velocity is stupefying and, on the evidence of this fight, the next combination he throws will be his first.

The Argentinian celebration later was of higher merit. It was held at the consulate and attended by millionaire ranchers and others who did everything but drop palm leaves in front of Monzon as he entered. Then they went at the buffet with vigor, tearing chunks out of turkeys, hams and beeves while listening to a mariachi band. They ate as if they were out on the Pampas, and it was refreshing to see the infectious enthusiasm, people who knew what they were doing. Toward the end, the tables would be nothing but bones, a fitting symbol for the ghastly shape of the middleweight division.

The heavyweight ranks are not yet that thin, mostly because of Joe Frazier, Ken Norton and Muhammad Ali. After them, well, it's hard to say, but the immediate future is definitely not suspect. Ali saw to that by easily strolling 15 rounds against Joe Bugner, nearly pitching a shutout in Kuala Lumpur. This was Bugner's second try at Ali. Having been an abomination the first time in Las Vegas (at least he bled then, and that always moves the English to sonnets of courage), he seemed intent on proving that he could be doubly rank. He was—with brilliance. To be *that* bad is not easy.

Bugner blamed the searing Malaysian sun and the awful hour of 10 a.m. for his defeat, his perfect reticence in the ring. Ali had no such complaints and seemed in excellent shape, working briskly through each round, always on the attack, however unrewarding that was against the stolid hulk on the ropes. Tired of all that guff about the sun having set on the Empire, British critics were unreserved in their remarks. Said one, "Bugner is capable of sending my irritable, teething 15-month-old daughter into a peaceful slumber." Said another, "He has always performed under strict orders laid down by the Queen's regulations. One feels he is frightened of being put on charge if he fails to salute or come to attention at just the right moment."

Back in the hotel Ali loosed his usual stream of double-talk. "I need to fight the best in the world," he said, "not the rubbish I have been fed with. I am no longer interested in second-raters." Then, being almost as silly as Gil Clancy, he called Bugner the "toughest challenger" he ever faced, and advised him to stay around because he had "the complexion, connection and the will and skill to win the title."

Soon Ali got down to real business, announcing a title defense against Joe Frazier on Oct. 1 in Manila. Frazier is a crusty barnacle that has stuck to him throughout his postexile career, the one man who can bring real drama back to the heavyweight division. Up to now the public faith has been severely used by Ali, by his manager Herbert Muhammad and by his promoter Don King. Before the sun set in steamy Malaysia, Ali was at work on Joe Frazier.

"You had to go nine rounds with Jimmy Ellis," said Ali. "That's all the work you got."

"I took pity on Ellis because he's a family man."

"I been fightin' regular."

"Yeah, but who?" asked Frazier.

"I'm gonna make you more ugly than you is," Ali said loudly.

"And I'm gonna whip you like you stole somethin'," said Frazier.

"Oh yeah . . . it's gonna be a thrilla in Manila," said Ali. **END**

Gelindez thumps a right hand into Ahumada, game but outgunned in a unanimous decision.

ANOTHER KEEL HAUL IN THE EAST

That's an old Pirate custom, and this year's battering crew, led by the massive presence of Willie Stargell and buoyed by two mast-tall youngsters, is giving other teams in their division a taste of it

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

One afternoon late last week Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh stood among the living grassblades of Chicago's Wrigley Field, waiting stoically to be interviewed for television before a game with the Cubs. There was a faraway look not only in his squinted eyes but also in his general demeanor, which is that of a dignified, no longer young but not yet entirely *hors de combat* pug dog. Before Murtaugh went on the air, an interviewer asked about his theory of managing. "You can't stay up for 162 games," Murtaugh said. "So we try to keep on an even keel."

Then he stepped before the television camera. He did not appear to be hanging on the announcer's question, but when it turned out to be the same one as before, he answered it again without hesitation. "You can't stay up for 162 games," he said. "So we try to keep on an even keel."

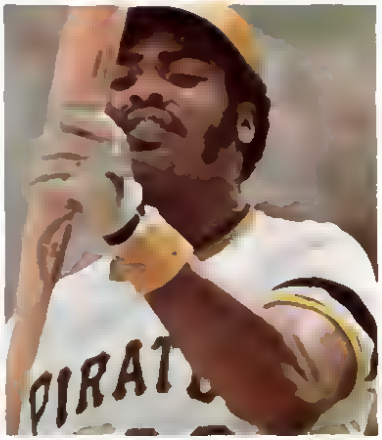
On the surface, that may seem a disappointingly flat view of the Pirates. After all, they have spent the last few weeks not merely cruising along at level-headed speed, but pushing to a strong 3½-game lead in the National League East after being as many as 4½ games out of first in May. They do not play all that evenly; they can win overwhelmingly one day and lose sloppily the next. And, however even its keel may be, other parts of the Pirates' ship seem a little out of kilter. For instance, the crew. It includes Panamanian Catcher Manny Sanguillen, who has grown a mustache and shaved his head, so that he looks like a Tartar; 6′7″ rookie pitching phenom John Candelaria, who sat out of baseball when he was between ages 16 and 19, figuring he had already sufficiently impressed the big-league scouts; a veteran pitcher, Dock Ellis, who says he nearly went off to Florida last week, a bunch of batters who will take a cut at nearly anything

Stargell says he is no slugger, but still has 14 home runs. Mature rookie Candelaria, 6′7″, has added stature to the buce with three wins.

that moves and has stitches on it; and a big hitter, Willie Stargell, who knows he is swinging well when the flesh of his fingers is being torn.

Last week in Montreal, where the Pirates won three times before leaving for Chicago where they blew a July Fourth doubleheader and then won two in a row, the bilingual scoreboard reminded the crowd that Pittsburgh last had won a World Series in 1971 from *Les Orioles de Baltimore*. Since then, the Pirates have suffered grave blows: Murtaugh's heart condition, Roberto Clemente's plane-crash death and ace righthander Steve Blass' mysterious, terminal loss of control. There have been recurrent arm troubles among the pitchers (former starter Bob Moose's arm developed such a profound problem that he had to have a rib removed), and slumps among established hitters, such as Bob Robertson's fall from .271 one year to .193 the next.

But Murtaugh was not just making talk when he spoke of stability. Certainly he looks as if he would have no more trouble keeping his keel even than would a fireplug in Iowa. Last week he suffered from a cold, a fever and a backache, yet even when he was out in the middle of the playing field yelling at umpires, he kept a solid, apparently comfortable stance. With both hands tucked into his waistband behind his back, Murtaugh gave the appearance of a man standing on a beach in voluminous Bermuda shorts, looking out over the ocean and serenely recollecting the days when he used to go into the water.



Parker, 6' 5", leads Bucs with 15 homers.

And with a 30-13 record since May 24, his team is well on its way toward finishing first in the East for the fifth time in the division's seven-year existence. Just about the only good thing the Pirates have not been able to do this season is win in Philadelphia, but then the second-place Phillies have not yet won in Pittsburgh. These things even out.

How can the Pirates go through so many changes and still come out on an even keel? For one thing, they are deep. No Pittsburgh player came close to being elected to this year's All-Star team, but they descend upon you in swarms, with undismissable, if not sensational, names like Richie Zisk and Bill Robinson in the outfield, Rennie Stennett and Richie Hebner in the infield, Dave Giusti, Bruce Kison, Ken Brett and Jim Rooker on the mound.

Who points the way for this rosterful of not-quite-All-Stars? Pirate Photographer Les Banos, who ought to know about leaders since, as a Hungarian secret agent in World War II, he chauffeured Goering, gives a terse account of why there is no explicit, gung-ho leadership on the team: "No followers." But the Pirates do include one of the foremost heavy presences in baseball, Stargell. Stargell has a powerful bearing, he is cool, proud, but approachable, and when he begins to limber up for a day's hitting, he takes a bat and twirls it, stretches with it, rolls his heavy muscles as he loops it around. Then he steps into

continued

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the cage and windmills it menacingly a couple of times as he awaits the pitch. When the delivery comes, *whip*, the bat flashes like a Muhammad Ali jab, and the ball goes a long way, particularly if there are thin strips of adhesive tape around several of Stargell's fingers as there were last week

"The skin's tearing away there," he said. "That means I'm swinging right. If those places start healing without tape on them, I know the bat's wearing on the wrong spots. But when they start tearing down close to the bone, I put the tape over them."

Stargell also believes in an even keel. "We have a uniqueness in our clubhouse," he says. "Unless it's a very tough game and we did something to help the other team win, we're the same in the clubhouse, win or lose. We stick together, and we keep grinding together. Then it gets down to September—a lot of people call that the pressure month, but I call it the joy month. That's when I enjoy playing. Everybody's tired, mentally and physically, but everybody's going out there anyway and scratching. We all scratch together.

"That's all you can do, go out there every day and do your best. If you go out there saying, 'I got to hit a home run,' 'I got to go four for four,' 'We got to win four straight,' that's not being fair to yourselves. The purpose of this game is to be your natural self. Then when it's over, you've done things right physically, and you've been very wise."

"The first Pirate I met when they were trying to sign me was Clemente," says Candelaria, a 21-year-old lefthander, who since coming up to the big club in June has shown the steadiness of a 28-year-old righthander. At the time of their meeting in Puerto Rico, Candelaria was 19 and planning to play basketball for the Puerto Rican national team. A delegation including Pittsburgh General Manager Joe Brown had come down to the island to get his name on a baseball contract. Clemente was on hand supposedly to argue on the side of the Pirate front office. "But while they tried to talk me into signing, Clemente kept telling me in Spanish, 'You can get more money,' " Candelaria recalls. "So I held out until later, when they came up with a better offer.

"I was looking forward to pitching to Clemente in batting practice the next spring. That December he was killed. He

continued

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Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

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Pontiac's subcompact Astre takes on the imports.

Feature for feature. Fact for fact.

You decide who wins.

Pontiac Motor Division

Compare price.

A lot of people have the notion imported subcompacts are priced hundreds of dollars less than American cars. It used to be true. But not anymore. Increased foreign labor costs, stiffer shipping charges, higher inflation, currency devaluation and other economic factors have eaten away at the imports' price advantage. So today, Pontiac's Astre is priced less than some of the best-known low-priced imports.

Model	MSRP*
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sedan	$2711
Fiat 128 2 Dr. Sedan	$2741 + dlr. prep
Honda CVCC 2-Dr. Sedan	$2799
[redacted]	[redacted]
Datsun B 210 2 Dr. Sedan	$2929 + dlr. prep
VW Beetle 2 Dr. Sedan	$2999 + dlr. prep
VW Rabbit 2 Dr. Sedan	$3330 + dlr. prep
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	$3697 + dlr. prep

*All dollar figures are manufacturers' suggested retail prices for base cars, including dealer new vehicle preparation charges, except where noted. State and local taxes, optional equipment and destination charges are additional.

Compare size.

We think a subcompact should give you a sense of security and insulation from nearby traffic, too. So we designed Astre to be larger than the imported competition. It lets us put more car between you and the world out there.

That's why Astre is heavier, too. It tends to keep a steadier course through crosswinds, standing water and rough roads.

It all adds up to a neat little car with the kind of road manners you've come to expect from Pontiac.

Model	Curb Weight (lbs.)	Overall Length (in.)	Overall Width (in.)
[redacted]			
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	2345	168	63
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sed.	2219	165.2	61.8
Datsun B-210 2-Dr. Sed.	2055	163	60.8
Fiat 128 2-Dr. Sed.	1980	158.6	62.6
VW Beetle 2-Dr. Sed.	1896	163.4	61.0
VW Rabbit 2 Dr. Sed.	1830	155.3	63.4
Honda CVCC 2 Dr. Sed.	1748	150	59.3

Compare ride.

Generally speaking, longer wheelbases tend to absorb bumps better than shorter wheelbases. So, in a way, you can compare some of the ride characteristics of various cars on paper. And when you see that Pontiac's Astre has a longer wheelbase than the imported competition, you get an idea of the kind of ride that's in store in an Astre. But don't limit yourself to a test drive on paper. Your Pontiac dealer will be happy to give you the real thing.

Model	Wheelbase (Inches)
[redacted]	
Fiat 128 2 Dr. Sedan	96.4
VW Rabbit 2 Dr. Sedan	94.5
VW Beetle 2 Dr. Sedan	94.5
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sedan	93.3
Datsun B 210 2 Dr. Sedan	92.1
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	91
Honda CVCC 2-Dr. Sedan	86.6

Compare track.

For years, Pontiac's been telling you that a wider track in relation to overall width, length and height can mean a more stable car. So it should come as no surprise that Pontiac's Astre offers one of the widest tracks in the subcompact field. What else would you expect from the Wide-Track people?

Model	Front Track (Inches)
[redacted]	
VW Rabbit 2-Dr. Sedan	54.7
VW Beetle 2-Dr. Sedan	51.5
Fiat 128 2 Dr. Sedan	51.3
Honda CVCC 2 Dr. Sedan	51.2
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	51
Datsun B 210 2 Dr. Sedan	50.2
Toyota Corolla 2 Dr. Sedan	49.4

Compare power and economy.

Pontiac's Astre is built for the way Americans drive. Its engine is considerably bigger than the imports. And it's slower turning. It's designed to cruise along at freeway speeds without working as hard as the imports.

With a bigger engine, you might expect Astre to get poor fuel economy. It doesn't. **In fact, an Astre S Notchback Coupe, equipped with the standard 3-speed manual transmission and the available 140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. engine, was rated at 37 mpg in the EPA highway test and 23 mpg in the EPA city test!**

And Astre's larger fuel tank means you can go farther between fill-ups.

The chart shows the average EPA mileage figures for Astre and its imported competition. And even when you compare the average mileage of Astre models against the imports, as shown, it still looks very impressive.

Chart based on EPA Gas Mileage Guide, January, 1975 Edition.

Model	Engine (4 cyl.)	EPA Mpg Hwy Test	EPA Mpg City Test	Fuel Cap (Gal.)
Datsun B 210 2 Dr. Sed.	2 bbl. 85.3	39	27	11.6
Honda CVCC 2 Dr. Sed.	3 bbl. 90.8	37	27	11
VW Rabbit 2 Dr. Sed.	2 bbl. 89.7	38	24	11.9
VW Beetle 2 Dr. Sed.	Fuel Inj. 96.7	33	22	10.6
Toyota Corolla 2 Dr. Sed.	2 bbl. 96.9	33	24	13.2
[redacted]				
Fiat 128 2 Dr. Sed.	2 bbl. 78.7	28	20	9.5
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	4 bbl. 70 Rotary	20	14	15.6

Compare service availability.

Nobody likes to think about having his car serviced. It takes time. And it costs money.

But keep in mind that when your Astre does need service, there are thousands of Pontiac dealers all over the country—in all 50 states—who are ready to do the job right. The January 1, 1975 issue of Automotive News shows Pontiac has nearly three times as many dealers as the nearest import.

No import in the world can match Astre's new engine guarantee!

Now Astre's engine has a new 5-year or 60,000 mile guarantee. It applies to all 1975 Astres delivered on or after June 25, 1975.

Pontiac guarantees to the owners of 1975 Astres that any authorized Pontiac dealer will make repairs without charge to the owner, during the term of the guarantee, to the cylinder block, cylinder heads, all internal engine parts, the intake and exhaust manifolds and water pump made necessary because of defects in material and workmanship.

This guarantee is in addition to the New Vehicle warranty, but does not apply to repairs required because of misuse or because the vehicle has not been maintained in accordance with Pontiac's recommendations.

A service policy is available for 1975 Astres bought before June 25. See your Pontiac dealer for the full details.

The bottom line.

Compare Astre to the imports on price, size, ride, track, engine, economy, servicing and engine guarantee . . . the facts speak for themselves.

But there's something else you should consider that we can't put in a chart. Astre is a Pontiac. And that says a lot when it comes to style, comfort and pride of ownership.

We think Astre is one terrific little car. All it takes is a trip to your Pontiac dealer . . . and you'll think so too.

Mileage and price figures in this ad are not applicable in California. See your California Pontiac dealer for correct details.

was somebody you don't expect to lose. But we've got Willie."

So far this year, with 14 home runs and 47 RBIs, Stargell is lagging behind the league leaders, although when he hits two more homers he will have 362 and pass Joe DiMaggio on the lifetime home-run list. Still, 24-year-old Rightfielder Dave Parker, who stands to become Stargell's successor as the Pirates' biggest gun, says that if Stargell "weren't paid to hit home runs, he'd be one of the best hitters for average in the league."

In his first season of full-time play, Parker is leading the team with 15 homers and is batting .323. With Parker fifth in the order, clean-up hitter Stargell feels less pressure to clean the bases. That is just fine with him, because Stargell has not been a dead-pulling, all-or-nothing swinger since his youth, and he does not like to be thought of as a slugger.

"You talk about sluggers, you're talking about big shiftless guys," Stargell says. "One year I hit 44 home runs, and I also had 43 doubles and batted .299. And the thing I enjoyed most was that I scored over 100 runs. Pitchers have so much intelligence now—they all have an idea, they move the ball around, change speeds. If you have a one-way swing, always trying to hit the ball into the seats, you're going to hit some, but then there's the strikeouts you're gonna have. The pop-ups. All these different things."

All these things, that is, that are different from line drives. Speaking of an even keel, line drives are the Pirates' forte. To make certain a Pittsburgh hitter would not hit a line drive, you would have to amputate one of his feet (thereby throwing off his level swing), warp his bat, tie his uniform pants up in knots and then transport him to someplace where baseball is not played. When they are hitting well, batters like Al Oliver, Sanguillen, Stennett and Zisk probably could hit line drives during breakfast and on motorcycles.

Parker, a 6'5" man of tremendous strength who announced plans to hit 15 home runs this season and now looks as if he will hit 30, enjoys batting among the Pirates because "they're free swingers, and so am I. And hitting's contagious." But lately he has begun to hit things even more chilling than frozen ropes. "When it started, it scared me a little," he says. "But Stargell had told me, 'You won't know when it's going to happen, but it will. You'll start to develop a little upswing.' " He has started to do just that, and his hits are carrying farther and farther.

The ultimate Pirate hitter used to be Sanguillen, who was likely to swing at anything and line it in any direction. Now he is waiting longer on pitches, and actually taking enough of them so that he walks from time to time.

Sanguillen has been replaced as the model batter by Oliver, who as usual at this time of year is working his way up through the .280s toward .300. He hits the ball where it's pitched, does not take many pitches, prides himself on being a "natural" batter who's never been taught anything and loves most to line the ball. "When you hit it solid," he says, "there's no sting at all."

Oliver is also a hard worker. "You won't see any other centerfielder shag flies as much as he does," says Pirate Announcer Nellie King. On a team of spotty fielders, Oliver is consistently good. "And when everybody was feeling sorry for the Pirates for not having a free day between June 5 and the All-Star break, Al said, 'That's great. When you see pitching every day, that's when you hit,' " King adds.

A different attitude toward time off is held by Ellis, who is working on a hook entitled *Stay Up* and who lately has been pitching well after an early-season slump that left him with a 2-3 record. "A ballplayer has fewer days off than the average working man," Ellis says. "Did you know that? I worked it out. I nearly took off to Florida the other day to stay between starts. The only reason I'm playing anyway is to keep in shape, and for my momma and my baby. So my momma can talk and my baby can talk."

Ellis, who shakes with people lefthanded in order to avoid any injury to his pitching hand, continues to create controversy without trying. "Things just arise," he says. "They had a big story in Pittsburgh quoting me saying the people aren't coming out to see us because so many of us are black. I been saying that for eight years."

Nonetheless, Ellis' emotional keel seems even. He remains at peace with baseball by enjoying such minor aspects of the game as the opportunity to shout at confused fans in a convincing vendor's voice, "Hey, get your scorecards! Scorecards here! Popcorn!"

Pirate pitching tends to be looked upon as secondary to their hitting, and the pitchers do not seem to enjoy being asked, "Isn't it nice to pitch on a team that hits so well?"

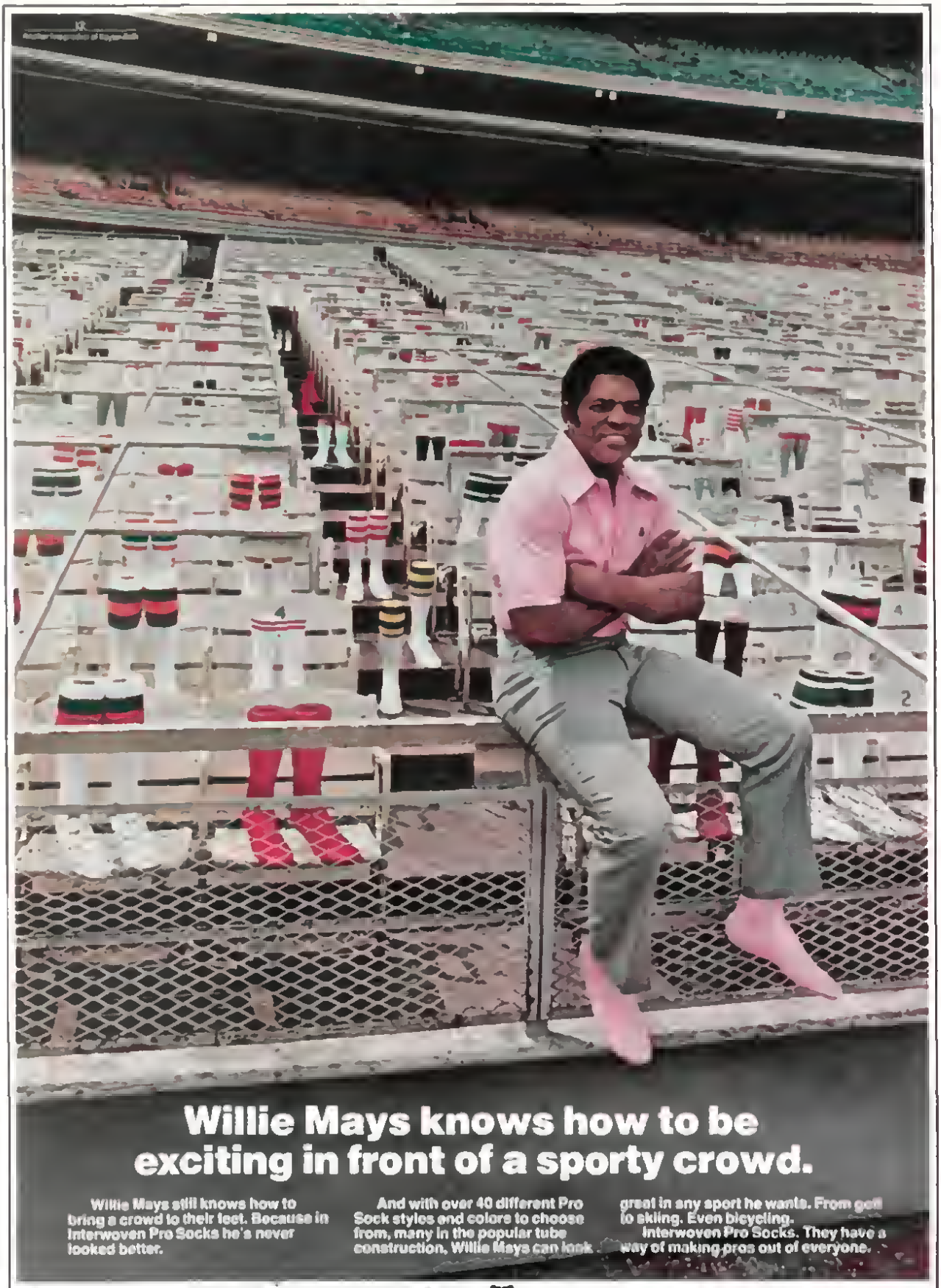
"I'd like to make a living pitching against our hitters," says Ellis. "I'd throw in the dirt, like the Dodgers' Don Sutton does to 'em. Keep throwing in the dirt, and they'll keep swinging. Of course, then one of 'em will hit it, too."

In fact, the Pittsburgh earned run average (3.10) so far this year is only a hair above that of the Padres and Dodgers, who are one-two in the league. Jerry Reuss, 9-6 with a 2.31 ERA, has been the ace. In the off-season he had his keel evened out by Arthur Ellen, the same L.A. hypnotist who eased the mind of Sutton last year. Whenever he begins to press, instead of just doing his best from one pitch to another, Reuss is supposed to push his thumbtip and fingertip together. He has not had to do that since early in the season. "The guy just told me, 'You need to relax. So do a lot of other people. The only way you're different is that you admit it.' I don't know how much credit to give the guy, but I've had good confidence all year."

No greater confidence than young Candelaria has shown in running his record to 3 and 1 in five starts. He is not brash, but when he first walked into the Pirate dressing room he acted as if he had been there all his life. Candelaria throws two different fastballs and three different curves with amazing control and sense of mixology for one so young. He grew up in Brooklyn. When he was three years old, his father managed the baseball team that represented Friendly Tavern in Central Park. He remembers with pleasure going with his father to those games. Then his parents separated, and his father went back to Puerto Rico.

"That helped," he says. "I don't mean it helped me in the long run, but it made me more independent. I started throwing curves when I was eight. When I was 14, people started telling me I would hurt my arm throwing them, but I figured I'd done whatever damage I was going to do. Then when I was 16, people started making me pitch too much, wearing me out, and I quit to play basketball. I'd already talked to the big-league scouts."

Sure enough, when he graduated from high school they drafted him on the basis of what they had seen three years before. Now, two years later, he is helping the Pirates even-keel haul the National League. **END**



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OL' KING RICHARD THE FAST

Behind that drawl and down-home air lurks the toughest stock-car racer running, and in the Firecracker 400 tha king added a star to his crown

by ROBERT F. JONES

Resting easy at tha speedway, Petty allowad that to win, a faila just has to "kaep shovin'."

They say he was born with a golden throttle under his right foot and a silver steering wheel in his hands. His very first act was to send his crib careening through the nursery in a perfect four-wheel drift while loosing a nascent Rebel yell. Shortly before his first birthday he learned to drive a pickup truck, whistling *Dixie* and wearing Day Glo red diapers. In the piney woods outside Level Cross, N.C., where the miracle occurred just 38 years ago last week, a fountain that had previously spouted Southern Comfort suddenly began leaking an oily substance that folks far and wide soon came to call STP. All of these things were taken as good omens. In such a manner is a king born among us

Or so runs the legend.

For those who prefer the facts, Richard Lee Petty, 38, the king of contemporary stock-car racing, stands a mortal 6′2″ and weighs in at a willowy 182 pounds. His face is dark and pitted with the pores endemic to those who deal with harsh sunlight, excoriating oil fumes and the 30-race annual circuit of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, Inc. Petty's demeanor in the presence of women and children is polite, almost chivalrous, as befits a happily married man with four kids of his own. He raises no hell—except when you try to pass him on a racetrack. On foot he is a veritable lamb.

This man, this paragon of lead-footed speed, survivor of horrendous crashes, winner of more car races than most of us have ever seen, can filter through a crowd with a grin and a howdy so smoothly that you hardly know he is there. But he is King Richard. Petty truly is a legend. He also may well be the best racing driver in the world.

Since July of 1958, when he first began racing, Richard Petty has won 172 NASCAR Grand National races. That is exactly double the number won by his closest stock-car competitor, David Pearson of Spartanburg, S.C. Within the next month Petty's earnings from these victories, accumulated over a 17-year period, will amount to $2 million. A. J. Foyt, now 40, winner of 52 U.S. Auto Club Championship Car races and $2.5 million over an 18-year career, also is a legend—and the only active driver who may conceivably be better than Petty. (Jackie Stewart, the skittering Scot who won the World Driving Championship three times, along with a record 27 Grand Prix, is retired; his career prize money, in any event, would be far less

than Petty's or Foyt's, since European road racing pays off in less obvious forms.) It may be argued that USAC's Championship Car racing is tougher than NASCAR's Grand National equivalent, since the Indy cars are open wheeled and more dangerous, but racing is still racing: you get in a car, go out there and try to win. Richard Petty has accomplished that not-so-simple act more often, and with more success, than any other man in the history of motor sports. And he never did it better than last week at Daytona during the 17th running of the Firecracker 400.

Petty had never won the Firecracker. He had come home victorious five times in the Daytona 500, stock-car racing's biggest and richest event, where no other driver had been able to win more than once. Indeed, Petty had won the Grand National Championship an unprecedented five times. Yet during the 16 previous runnings of the July Fourth classic at the world's fastest beach, Petty had been no better than second—and that four times in a row in his last four efforts.

A certain psych was at work. Just as Foyt had found it extremely difficult to cope with his fourth possible victory at Indy earlier this year, Petty found the Firecracker potentially just another dud. All through the week preceding the race he lolled and drawled as usual, but behind the curved sunglasses and deep within the twang, there lurked the suspicion of another failure, a shade of fatalism.

"Pull up some oil and sit down." Petty gestured languidly toward a cardboard case of STP in the back of his trailer. He was crouched, Johnny Reb style, in a corner of the truck with a black, acrid el ropo smoldering in the side of his grin. It was raining outside, a slashing Florida sun-shower that thickened the humidity to the proportions of fresh-cooked hominy grits. All morning Petty had been opening presents—his birthday was the following day—and the celebratory air had lightened his mood. He was particularly delighted by a hand-scrawled set of boxes from a moonstruck girl named Elizabeth, who addressed him as "King Richard the Lion-Lover" and included in her natal offering a plaster lion, a set of Band-Aid cans wrapped as firecrackers, toy houses from a Monopoly set (no doubt an encouragement to buy her out one way or another) and a purple paper crown, gaudily elaborate with curlicues and crosses. Petty stuck the crown on an onlooker's head, then slapped his thigh.

"Looks like he et the margarine," he chortled to no one in particular. Then he pulled out a penknife and resumed carving something vaguely wooden, even more vaguely abstract-expressionist in nature. Occasionally he spat out into the rain. It was as if he had taken a master's degree in laconics from Li'l Abner University. But it was for real.

What was his strategy for the upcoming race, this event that seemed to deny him victory year after year?

"Keep shovin'," he said.

Why had he never raced in other venues like Indy or Grand Prix, which would have broadened his acceptance as a world-class racer, one of the internationally great ones?

"The Indy money never appealed to me that much. This is where I grew up. There's different games within the same game, so to speak. Joe Namath and Catfish Hunter, they both throw balls. I reckon if they started early enough, Namath could be throwing baseballs and Hunter footballs. But they didn't. And they probably wouldn't be near as good as they are if they did, or somethin'."

Petty lit another cigar and stuck a long, thin finger into the rain. He allowed as how it wouldn't dry out for a while.

"There's this about stock-car racin'," he said. "We didn't none of us get this handed to us on a platter. Not like these football stars who got started in college and then got these fat pro contracts. Here you start little and grow. I was lucky in a way that the first stars of NASCAR were all nearing the end of their careers when I came up—Junior Johnson and Fred Lorenzen and Fireball Roberts and Curtis Turner. And my daddy Lee. And I was lucky that my daddy Lee had got the Petty name out there where it was already recognized. And I was lucky that the superspeedways like this here Daytona was just gettin' built when I come along—so's if I was any good I could grow along with the sport." Nothing more than that—no hyperbole-laden statistics about how he grew. Just the thanks to the sport for letting it happen.

The rain had blown away by now, and steam rose amid the almost-visible vibrations of the blatting engines in the garage area. You stand back and look at Richard Lee Petty. He is tall and skinny. Slump-shouldered, he moves loose like a hound with worms, with a hound's bright flash of teeth in a grin that is not exactly humorous. You realize, at this glance anyway, that he does not seem so healthy. He is hard of hearing—a race driver's occupational disease, like black lung in coal miners—and he squints even behind his sunglasses. Rumor has it that

continued

Never mind going for the pole position, he said before the 400, just set her up to rece

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PUBLISHERS

Petty inhaled fire in an early crash and did to his lungs with one suck what some of us have taken years to do with cigarettes. But he denies it. "Tain't so. You'll never meet a driver who's got hurt less by what he does than me. Oh, I've got hurt ridin' motorcycles and Go-karts for fun. But when it's serious, I don't get hurt." But the rumor persists among other racing people: he is prone to severe headaches; he takes a lot of oxygen after long, hard, hot races. What are those pills he gobbles, two at a time with a Coke, during the heavy, pounding afternoons? Aspirin? Petty shrugs and grins. He's hard of hearing, after all.

Qualifying is over. Donnie Allison won the pole position in his Chevy at 186.737 mph, blowing the doors off everyone, including Buddy Baker, a favorite here, whose Ford could squeeze out only 184 and change. As for King Richard, he chose to qualify his car with a racing setup, disdaining the pole, and ended up in the unlucky 13th position on the starting grid, a bit farther down the line than he had hoped. "In a race like this, it's better to be ready for the real thing than to go scootin' off for the pole and then have to set up the car all over," he said. For all that devil-may-care attitude, though, he was glum. His speed had been a dismal 180.032.

Right now, though, Petty had other things on his mind. "Come on along," he said. "I gotta go across the street to the gas station. There's a Petty fan club over there holding a car wash. The money goes for the family of my brother-in-law who was killed at Talladega awhile back." The brother-in-law, Randy Owens, 20, had been a member of the Petty pit crew. During an unscheduled pit stop to repair burning brakes in Petty's car, Owens had been blown up by a faulty pressurized water tank. It was one of the rare deaths in stock-car racing, and its freakiness made it all the more ugly.

Moving out of the speedway, he was accosted by hundreds of fans. He greeted them all alike, with the same bright, crooked grin, the same elaborate, rolling autograph. He moved through them with an ease rarely seen among professional athletes of greater visibility, waving off the waves in a manner that might be envied by an Aaron or a Nicklaus, even an Evel Knievel. At the car wash Petty just walked up and started washing cars. Nobody squealed. They said hi,

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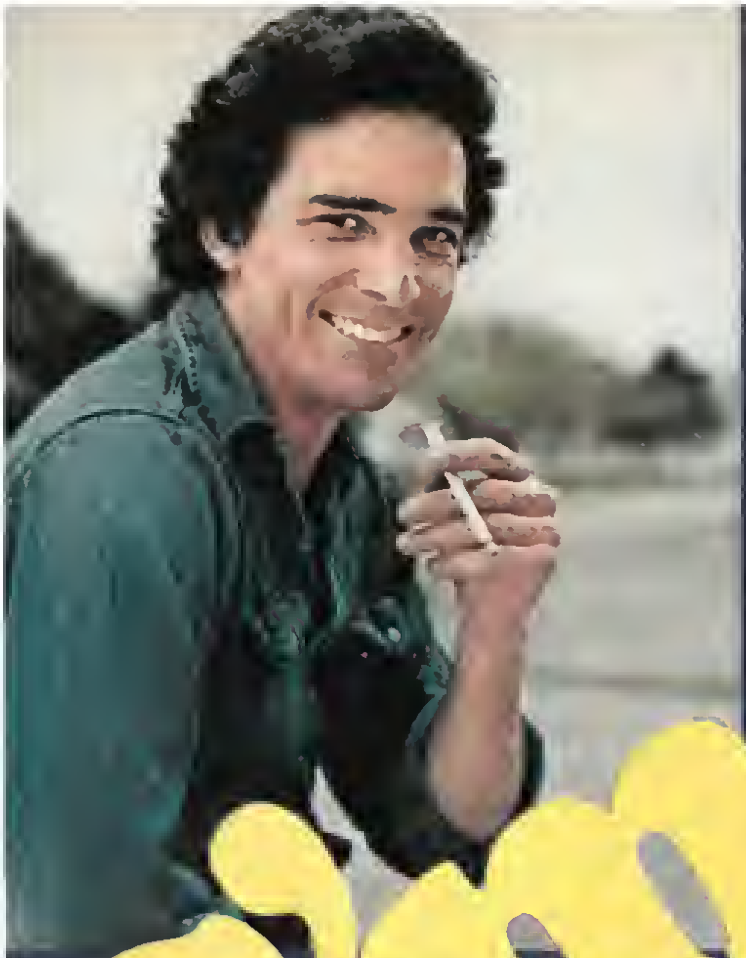

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smiled, and kept on working, as if he were a brother, not their king. He pretended he was going to squirt them with the hose. Everyone laughed. It was like that scene in James Agee's book *A Death in the Family*, where the father goes out to sprinkle the lawn. It was that full of easy summer affection.

"It's amazing how you move through them so easily, with no fanfare and no nonsense. How do you manage to do it?"

"Just keep movin'." And he grinned hugely.

The King kept moving that night, during a sundown walk along the beach with his family. His wife Lynda is a short, pretty no-nonsense woman with a hard voice and a soft disposition. Kyle, 15, is as tall as his father and nearly as noncommittal. Was he interested in racing? Nope. Grin. The middle daughters, Sharon and Lisa, are plump and spunky. The baby, Rebecca, just two years old, primped and squeaked and made faces until her mommy had to carry her; then she grinned proudly, with teeth nearly as big as her daddy's. The surf crashed in, long and white, echoing the passing campers and motorcycles. Fans stopped to greet The King. A large, excited black man ran up.

"I've got second sight," he told Richard. "I'm clairvoyant. If you believe, if you truly believe, you can win this race."

"Ah buhleeve!" said King Richard.

"I really don't know what the family did before stock-car racing was invented," Petty said. "They farmed, I guess, did a little bit of everything. They had a couple of trucks and hauled a lot of things. Sand, dirt, people, wood. Like that. I've got an aunt who sort of prunes the family tree. She knows. My mother likes to say that the Pettys are like bananas—they come in bunches. I don't really study that much on family history, busy with racin' and things. Don't do much beside racin'. There's a five-acre pond on our hundred acres, full of fish, but I don't fish a lick. There's good huntin' too, but I don't hunt. I keep movin'."

Keep movin'. When you stop later and think about it, Petty's movements during the race itself were, well, almost reptilian. Perhaps like the movements of a snake about to feed—not some hideous, nasty rattler or cottonmouth or puff adder, but rather a benevolent snake, a blue racer, maybe, or better yet, a king snake. Slow in the cool dawn preceding the event, purposeful during the warming of the day, then deadly quick, excited, all aglitter, crushing at the showdown.

During the early going, Petty displayed no great speed. All of that commodity seemed to be in the hands of Baker, Foyt, Cale Yarborough and David Pearson. It was Pearson who appeared the most menacing, he had won the last three Firecrackers, although last year he managed to beat Petty by only half a car length. Petty could not stay with the leaders during the first hot sprint. Indeed, he pitted a bit early—on the 29th lap—and took on new tires all around. "The car started vibratin'," he explained later, "so I come in and we changed all four. We figured once we could stop the vibratin' maybe everything else'd fold right in."

Petty helped it fold properly by picking up good drafts from other, harder-charging cars during the early laps. He rode in the wake of Dave Marcis, the promising journeyman from Wausau, Wis., and later, Donnie Allison. Gradually he moved up from 13th place to fifth—so sleekly, so smoothly that even the hypervocal announcer was surprised suddenly to find Petty there. By the 60th of the race's 160 laps Richard was working his way into striking range. At the halfway point, a two-car spinout in the fourth turn of the steeply banked, 2½-mile track brought Foyt into the pits for two costly stops. Shortly after the caution period ended, A. J. pitted once more with a cracked windshield that ultimately put him out of competition. Petty now lay fourth, only some five seconds behind the triple-drafting leaders—Baker, Pearson and Yarborough.

Then it was Yarborough's turn to falter. A cracked oil pan brought streamers of smoke from his car, and a warning from the stewards that the dripping oil had better be stopped pronto or Caleb would be black flagged. He dropped out soon afterward. That left Baker, Pearson and Petty on the same lap.

Now the crowd's attention shifted to Marcis who, though a lap down on the leaders, was driving a whippetlike race to unlap himself. Petty used the young charger's enthusiasm to his own advantage for a brief while, drafting him to keep in range of the faster Baker and Pearson cars. There were only about 20 laps to go now, and one pit stop for fuel would be necessary for all three contenders. That pit stop loomed larger than the race itself. Just as the time ripened, Pearson's Purolator Mercury began to smoke—burned piston, no doubt. Petty pitted with a vengeance, taking on fuel and then smoking his tires on the way out. He knew Pearson was finished, he knew that his own tire situation was better than Baker's—and Baker was his only roadblock.

For three or four laps Petty tested Baker's tires. He found he could not run with his opponent in the straightaways but could beat him handily through the corners. With just a dozen laps remaining, King Richard assumed his Fourth of July throne with a mad dash through Turn One. Using traffic to good advantage, he quickly opened up a 10-car-length lead.

The crowd was on its feet, hands clenched, throats straining—Richard, Richard, Richard! It was almost too much to believe—a strategic race of such brilliance, such cool, all of it climaxed by such a savage instinct for the checkered flag.

"I usually run a bit faster than the crowd," Petty said later, "but this time the crowd was runnin' faster'n me. I had to think good, and luckily the car was running real good through the corners. I could run flat out in there and Buddy couldn't. It was slick. I'd put on left-side rubber to grab in the grease during the last yellow, and it paid off. Once I got into the corner in front of Buddy, I was O.K.—he only got sideways. Still, if Pearson had been in there it would've been tough, maybe impossible. A three-car draft, I wouldn't have had all those options."

The victory gave Petty an almost insuperable lead in his pursuit of a sixth Grand National Championship—no other driver has won more than three. With eight victories in the first 16 races of the 30-race series he can now afford to sit out the next few races and still have a surefire chance of victory. But of course he won't sit out a single lap if he can help it. Having broken his jinxes at Atlanta, Charlotte and now, finally, the Firecracker, Petty will probably snake on ahead to that next championship. Oh, perhaps some rare slowdown might strike him between now and then, but it seems unlikely. That golden throttle, that silver steering wheel, that legendary childhood—it keeps him movin', sure enough.

And winning. **END**

RAMBLE IN GOLF'S GREAT HOUSE

You're welcome anytime at the country seat of the game, to lose yourself amid its secret gardens or idle in the halls of history

by ***CHARLES BROME***

A mile or so outside the village of Far Hills, N.J. you come on a small, sedate white sign with blue lettering: UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION. Do not drive too fast or you will miss it.

Before you have gone 50 feet along the winding blacktop entrance road, you will suddenly have the feeling everything is going to be all right after all. You will not *think* this, just sense it. Somehow you have stumbled upon a place where there is no evil. No dentists. No lawyers. No prognosticators of the economy, no nuclear physicists, no patrolmen's benevolent associations or campaign managers or computer experts.

Here are quiet vistas you have seen before, somewhere, in better days. Grass everywhere, not long enough for snakes and not short enough to worry about keeping neat.

Pines and spruces and birches. Maple. Oaks. Dogwood and Chinese elm. An ancient sprawling apple tree for lying under. Not a computerized apple tree with straight branches scientifically designed for maximum pulp yield during prime bearing years. This is a real apple tree. If you lie under it long enough and look up through the branches, every cloud in the world will eventually pass before your eyes.

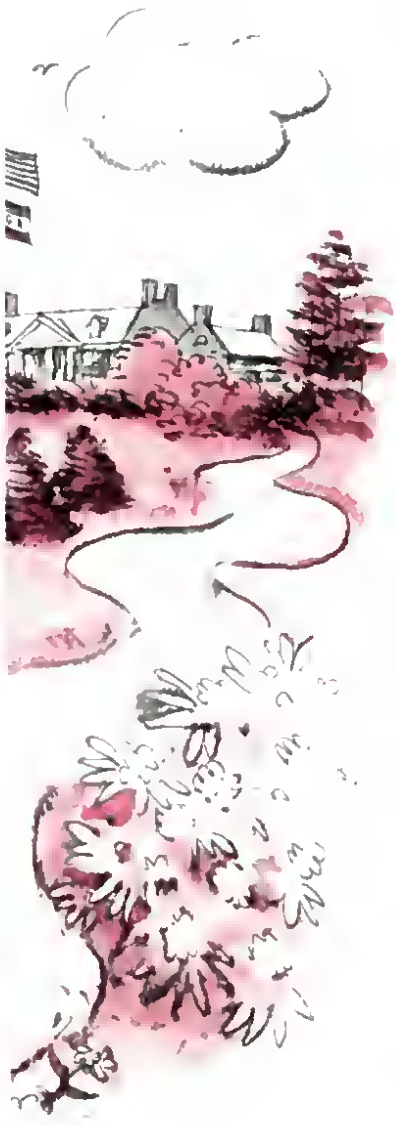
Off to the right is the next-door neighbor's house. It looks very big and rich, like a house Gatsby might rent for the summer. The house belongs to a man named Cyrus Vance. Or once did, or he slept there, or one of his relatives used it as a ski chalet. Something like that—Cyrus Vance is connected with that house in some way. I am not quite sure who Cyrus Vance is, or was, but I know he is a famous person, one whose name every schoolboy remembers. When I was a schoolboy I remembered it. But now I have him vaguely associated with the man who invented the reaper, and that is probably wrong.

You drive on—slowly, for there is no hurry—past shrubbery planted more than half a century ago. Largely untended in recent years, it is exuberantly unkempt. Enormous magnolias, rhododendrons 12 feet tall and more, lilac and flowering quince, boxwood you would not believe even if I showed you a picture. After a while you come to an enormous edifice of brick. It is apparently an orphan asylum imported from England. But it is a benevolent orphan asylum, not a sinister place. The man

who runs it is stern, perhaps, but he is not cruel

Instead of a front door there is a massive entranceway. Four enormous pillars support a portico—pseudo-Greek or pseudo-Roman, it doesn't matter. The slate roof weighs a million tons and will last forever. Two gigantic chimneys at each end of the main building supply draft for the countless fireplaces such a house contains.

It is hard to imagine that this place is really a house. Right now it is called Golf House, but once it was meant for a family to live in. The children came home from school and left the door to the great hall open so the flies got in. In the winter the father went down to the basement and banged on the furnace and swore. (The basement is like the engine room of an ocean liner. There are enormous boilers, big enough to live in. There are hundreds and thousands and millions of pipes and valves and dials. There is massive iron machinery apparently designed for shoeing elephants.)



The main difference between this house and the ones you and I live in is that ours were not designed on purpose. They were just sort of built, by a carpenter who made up the plan as he went along, depending on what kind of boards his brother-in-law happened to have in stock. This house was created by an architect, John Russell Pope.

A man with three names like that did not design just one house and then quit. He designed many other buildings, some of which are famous: the National Archives Building in Washington, D.C., which looks pretty much the way a building full of archives is supposed to look; the Jefferson Memorial, also in Washington, which looks all right if they can keep it from sinking into a swamp; the American Battle Monument in France, which I have never seen but can make a fairly good guess about.

There is a swimming pool in the front, with water in it. Too bad. It is out of place. Probably something Gatsby put in. Pay no attention to it. There is a flagpole with the American and U.S. Golf Association flags. There is a cement pillbox left over from the Maginot Line, which now houses an obscene mechanical device for testing golf clubs and balls. The first time they used it, I am happy to report, the machine was out of kilter and shattered the shaft of the club.

All these things you notice as you follow the signs around to the visitors' parking lot. In your mind you file them away as pleasant and interesting, worthy of another look. But there is no hurry. Above all, there is no hurry. I have been to Golf House on several occasions and I have never seen anyone looking nervous or irritable or tense. I have never heard anyone speak in a loud voice. And I have never seen anyone move quickly. A tranquil place, not to be profaned.

I assume that you have had the good sense to come in the morning and have the whole day to spend. Never mind your job. Call them up and tell them you are sick. It is a rotten job anyway. And I assume that you have left your wife and your children somewhere else. The children would just make noise and move quickly and want to go to the bathroom. The wife would tire almost instantly of looking at golf clubs. The fact that she might be looking at the one-iron with which Byron Nelson hit this or that famous shot and that she could touch it if she wanted to would not make her happy. Leave her at home.

When you get out of your car you will find that you are just off the library wing, which is just off a shady brick patio, which is just off the remains of what was once a formal garden, which is a kind of Shangri-La. The library can wait.

From the patio, a series of broad brick steps lead to the walled garden. The steps are pleasantly cracked, giving an air of comfortable ruin, and the USGA has had the good sense not to have them repaired.

A walled garden? Why a wall? There is plenty of room—more than 60 acres of land. There is no real need for a wall. But John Russell Pope knew what he was doing. With a wall, the garden is smaller. More intimate. More secret. Safely insulated from the evil that surrounds all magical places. For example, it is safe from the children of Cyrus Vance, if he has any. Without the wall, little Philo would perhaps come and trample the flowers.

Take a few steps into the garden and the wall disappears behind a tangle of apple, cherry, dogwood, lilac, flowering shrubs and bulbs of every description, and great cascades of ivy. But it is nice to know it is still there if we need it.

Everything is still. No bad sounds. Now and then the sound of a bird, perhaps gagging down a worm and trying to convince himself it tastes good. Or an occasional muffled oath as a grasshopper makes a sloppy landing. But no bad sounds.

Take a few steps more. Here is a crumbling cement pool, shaped like an architect's idea of a four-leafed clover, with

continued

flourishes. The cement is dry and cracked and sad. A rusty pipe sticks up in the middle. A shame. This pool should have clear water in it, and lily pads, and goldfish to eat the mosquito wigglers. The pipe should be cleaned of rust and capped with a fancy nozzle made to look like a cupid, with water squirting out of his ears. (Not out of his mouth, please.) If not a cupid, then a fish will do. If it is a fish, the water can squirt out of its mouth and I will not complain.

To restore this small pond would not cost a great deal of money. Less, I think, than a four-executive, eight-martini lunch in a Manhattan restaurant where they charge a dollar and a half for a small cup of coffee and the waiter does not like you well enough to bring it. If some rich person is reading this magazine, will he please send some money to the USGA with a note saying, "Fix the damned pond." Thank you.

There is much more. More grass, more flowers, more trees, more leafy and secret places to sit. The flower beds are badly overgrown, but the ladies of the USGA have a Beautification Committee that sometimes finds boys willing to come in and make symbolic gestures at the weeds, and the flowers are gradually gaining. Stop and look at them. They were planted before you were born.

Another set of steps, this time leading into a rectangular clearing. Across the clearing is what appears to be a small drive-in temple. A wonderful building. Not quite of clay and wattles made, but close enough. Six fat, round white pillars hold up a fake Greek roof made of prehistoric plywood. It is one of the ugliest little sheds I have ever seen, and the most charming. Even Gatsby did not have the heart to have it torn down. The paint is peeling badly and the plywood is pretty well shot. If the rich person who sent money for the pond will be kind enough to add a few more dollars . . . thank you.

This clearing is different, somehow. The grass is strangely coarse and sparse, while everywhere else it is lush. There are no shrubs, no flowers. The wall has turned into a rusty wire-mesh fence, perhaps 20 feet high. This place once had a function.

A tennis court? But why is the grass so poor? Rich people played lawn tennis.

A polo field? Too small, even if they played with midget horses.

Bowling on the green? Not green enough. Croquet? Too high a fence. Marbles? An outdoor pool table? A research laboratory for crab grass? Now you are just guessing.

Aha! A tennis court, but a *clay* tennis court. Perhaps clay at one end and wattles, whatever they are, at the other. Who knows? Even a clay tennis court that is private is not to be sneezed at, and clay was good enough for Gatsby, who probably played with red tennis balls anyway.

Sooner or later you will have to leave the garden and go into Golf House itself. That is why you came in the first place, in case you have forgotten.

You will feel a little sad to leave, I think, but there is no need to. In the first place, you can come and see the garden again. And in the second place, Golf House has a practically endless supply of its own delights.

Don't go in through the library. Walk around to the front and go in through the entranceway. Be sure to close the door tightly after you so the flies do not get in.

Just to the right as you enter is a shelf with a guest book of the finest parchment imaginable. Or perhaps of plastic that is made to look like the finest parchment imaginable, but costs more. Once when I was there, Byron Nelson had signed that guest book only one week before! I found out that when he was there he took down his one-iron from the wall and went out on the lawn and hit dozens of long, straight, beautiful shots. That is one of the nice things about Shangri-La—time means nothing. I hope that when Byron Nelson is 300 years old he will come back and hit some more shots. But this time I will come a week earlier so I can watch him.

In the middle of the great hall is a reception desk. There will probably be somebody there who will smile at you and be glad you came. Or perhaps the person will not be there but out in the garden taking a nap. Either way it will be all right. You do not want a guided tour anyhow. You just want to wander around and get lost and look at things.

It is easy to get lost in a place like this, because there are so many rooms. Attached to the main building are wings. And some of the wings seem to have sprouted wings of their own. The rooms vary from medium-large, to large, to enormous. There is one room, which used to be the master bedroom, about the size of a high school gymnasium, except that instead of a basketball hoop at each end there is a fireplace. Unfortunately, that room is now divided up with nasty little partitions and is filled with typewriters and filing cabinets, and is therefore to be avoided.

But by and large, the USGA has done very little to spoil the feeling of Golf House. There are great, massy, wrought-iron lighting fixtures everywhere, and the lights are almost never too bright. In a stairwell there is a hanging lamp, big enough to house a gorilla, suspended by a chain extending upward until it disappears from sight. There is a grandfather clock with carved feet, and real toes on the feet, and real toenails on the toes. There are acres and acres of carpeting (62 acres, I think, but maybe that is how much land there is, not how much carpet), very deep and very red. The men who come to clean the carpeting must be tall, because a short man would disappear into the carpet and be sucked up by the cleaning machinery.

If you turn to the right from the reception desk you will come to the room that was once the dining hall and is now sort of a trophy room. Most of the rooms are probably best described as "sort of a trophy room."

In the center is a huge glass case filled with medals and pieces of cloth and fair-

continued

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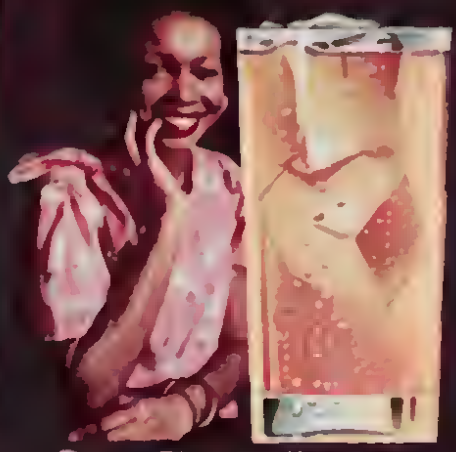
RECIPE: Combine 1-1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix). Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.



Brenda Rhoden: "Keep it simple, Simon... Early Times and ginger ale!"

Simple is simply super, with Early Times and ginger ale. It's that simple.

Cliff Freeman: "You ain't Whistlin' Dixie with The Atlanta Belle."

RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 3/4 oz. Green Creme de Menthe, 3/4 oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Cream. Strain into whisky sour glass.

Tim Love: "I'll take my unusual... Early Times and The Uncola™"

When smooth mellow Early Times meets light 7-Up,® you've got a smooth, mellow, light winner.

Babette Jackson: "The Pussycat is Purr-Fect."

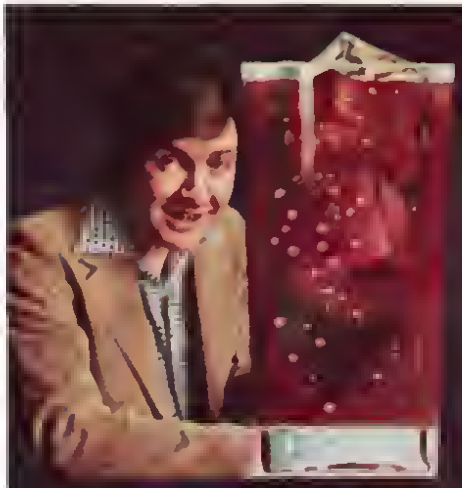
The Pussycat is as easy to make as buying a box of Bar-Tender's Instant Pussycat Mix. But remember, a Pussycat without Early Times is a dog.

Gwynn Hart: "Mmmm... in L.A. they sure know how to make Luv!"

RECIPE: In Blender combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice; pour in highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 AND 80 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO · LOUISVILLE, KY · ETBC 1975

us is to love us.



Jack Irving: "I started with Early Times and cola and I'm sticking with Early Times and cola."
You can't go wrong with two of America's great tastes. The super smooth taste of cola and the smooth super taste of Early Times.

Angie Daye: "The Miami Sunset is next to the next best thing to being there." RECIPE: Fill highball glass with ice. Add 2 oz. EARLY TIMES and 1 oz. Triple Sec. Fill with orange juice, and stir. Float teaspoon Grenadine.

The Meads: "Early Times. Splash it with water, squirt it with soda or just take on-the-rocks. We know it and we love it."

Tom Fields: "Everybody should have a New York Experience. Even in Peoria."
RECIPE: Combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth, with cracked ice; strain into stem glass. Garnish/ lemon twist. Or try it on-the-rocks for an equally great experience.

Early Times. To love us is to mix us.

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

ly neat little cards telling what everything is. Everywhere in this room there are photos, plaques, medals, paintings—you could spend the rest of the day there very easily. The painting of Joseph C. Dey Jr. has the brightest light aimed at it. Mr. Dey was once the executive director of the USGA, until he jumped to the Mexican League, so to speak. He was a very neat man who took great pride in spending a whole day at a golf tournament in 100° heat without getting even one wrinkle in his pants. In a newspaper I once saw a picture of him and another man picking the pin locations for a U.S. Open. It was a hot day, but Mr. Dey looked as fresh and neat as a man who has just been laid out in his coffin for a high-class funeral. The other man was wearing a very dirty and crumpled mechanic's coverall, unbuttoned to the waist because of the heat, and he had a very large and hairy stomach. The newspaper had mixed up the captions—the man with the stomach was identified as Joseph C. Dey Jr. I cut that picture out and sent it to the USGA to put in a glass case, but they must have lost it because I have never seen it there.

Next to the former dining hall is the former breakfast room. It is now sort of a trophy room that also shows the evolution of everything—clubs, balls, tees, gloves, eyeshades, shoelaces, everything. Each item has its explanatory notice, each notice more solemn and dignified than the last.

There is an admirable disdain for order In this trophy room, for example, there are all types of other things that seem to be there just because somebody found a handy spot left over in a glass case. "Silver spoon with handle shaped like two-iron, used by so-and-so to eat her porridge and perhaps to develop a subconscious confidence in her long irons at the same time." Who knows? "Donated by so-and-so." Soon you will find yourself making up notices of your own: "Wooden leg carved from rare Peruvian mulgawood, with foot shaped like sand wedge. Used with devastating effect by Major L.O.K. Waterman (Ret.) during semifinal round of Northern Midlothian Amateur until Rules Committee lowered the boom. Donated by so-and-so." That sort of thing.

I do not mean to imply that there is no system at all. There are places where you will find mostly golf clubs, and others where you will find mostly golf balls, and so forth. There is even a special Bobby Jones room, and another (smaller and more plain) for Francis Ouimet.

But the system is not so rigid as to become a nuisance. If there were a Grand Design, the place would lose its charm. There would be no surprises. As it is, there are vague groupings. I got the impression that when the USGA moved in, there were hundreds and hundreds of boxes, a good many of which were labeled MISCELLANEOUS—HANDLE WITH CARE. The moving men put the boxes down wherever they found a handy place, and when it came time to unpack, whatever was in that box stayed in that room. If it was small enough, it was put in a glass case. If it was too big, it was hung on the wall.

The result is that you are constantly being surprised by some delightful irrelevancy. Here are a lot of old golf balls with square dimples (each, of course, with its note explaining who hit the golf ball and why). But if there is a little space left over at the end of a row of golf balls, you are likely to find it filled up with a handful of extra medals, or a scorecard from the 1926 Western Amateur, or even somebody's shoe. There are quite a lot of shoes around, some bronzed, some just shoes.

Here is a room with a clubmaker's bench and tools, with an old stovepipe hat full of feathers in case someone needs a feather ball made to order.

Here is a place with racks and racks and racks of clubs used by famous golfers. Hundreds of them. Standing and looking at those clubs and thinking about the thousands of good shots that have been hit with them is very soothing.

Here is a place filled with pictures and clubs and other things having to do with Presidents who have played golf. There is a picture of the young Franklin Delano Roosevelt hitting a five-iron. He looks as if he has hit the ball solidly, but has pulled the shot a little. There is President Eisenhower's painting of the 16th at Augusta. The paint is a little splotchy, but it is a nice painting.

Here is a display of putters that have been submitted to the USGA for approval but have been declared officially wicked. They are a marvelous example of the endless ingenuity—and desperation—of mankind. There are putters with little mirrors and prisms. With pistol grips. With bombsights. The one I like best has two tiny wheels on the blade, one fore and one aft.

On a balcony there are collections of trick clubs used by people like Joe Kirkwood: drivers with jointed shafts, a nine-iron with a face as big as a pie tin, clubs with the heads turned inside out. Photographs of Joe Kirkwood hanging by his teeth from a rope that is dangling from an airplane flying 175 mph through a blizzard, and hitting a ball 250 yards with a rubber-shafted driver. From a bad lie.

There is a library, pleasant and restful. A good place to sit for a while when you are tired from all that standing and looking and thinking about things. The

fireplace in the library is made of Portuguese marble. Over it is a famous painting called The First International Foursome, which includes James II or somebody who looks a lot like him.

And of course from the library you can look out on the brick patio which leads to the walled garden. Perhaps one more look at the garden would be a good idea. . . .

There is much, much more to see. I have told you only a little, to whet your appetite. Golf House is about an hour's drive from New York City. It is open every day except holidays (9-5 during the week, 10-4 on Saturdays and Sundays). It is free. And it will make you feel better. I hope you go there soon. **END**

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

BASEBALL IS A SMASH HIT

THE HOST'S EXPERTISE ENHANCES "KINER'S KORNER"

The number of radio and television hours devoted to major league baseball is staggering. By the time the sport's 850 radio stations and 215 television outlets finish broadcasting at the end of this season, more than 430,000 hours of air time will have been filled. If a person were to take in all the games that will be broadcast, he would have to spend every minute of every day for the next 48 years listening or watching.

Markets for baseball vary considerably, and several big-league teams have networks that are the envy of promoters in other sports. Not only does 50,000-watt KMOX in St. Louis boom all the Cardinal games, so do 119 other stations. The Reds have a 112-station hookup, and Atlanta, Boston, Detroit and Kansas City have networks composed of 50 or more stations. Excluding baseball's contract with the National Broadcasting Company at $18 million a year, more than $26.5 million is paid out in rights fees to major league teams. And since most stations make a good profit on their baseball programming, the total in advertising dollars paid out by breweries, banks and body-and-fender shops is far higher than that.

The Dodgers televise only about 25 road games a year back to L.A., but the team's main broadcasting thrust is on radio, which carries all 162 games, some in both English and Spanish. As many as three million people have listened to a single Dodger game during critical stages of a pennant race. The Dodgers produce and package their own shows, and estimates of the total rights fees they receive run as high as $2.5 million a year.

But income from fees is not the "bottom line" in baseball broadcasting. Getting the team's message out to the hinterlands is equally important. The Montreal Expos, for example, have used television and radio to familiarize Canadians with U.S.-style major league ball. Expo games are carried on 61 television stations (46 English-language and 15 French) and over 35 radio outlets that can be heard from west of Toronto to Prince Edward Island in the Maritimes. The most recent TV ratings for an Expo game indicated that 2.2 million people were looking in.

New York remains the biggest baseball broadcasting market, the Mets and Yankees battling over a TV audience numbering as many as 2.8 million viewers when the teams are on simultaneously, as they often are. Actually, it isn't much of a war. The Mets do half again as well as the Yankees in the ratings. But the Yanks are not the Mets' only victims. A month ago when soccer star Pelé made his American debut on TV, CBS' New York outlet drew 34% of the audience following a blizzard of publicity. The Mets, playing San Diego, drew 15% more viewers. A tennis match in the same time slot on WABC lost out to the Mets by 1,100%.

This year both New York teams have gained appreciably in ratings. Following the much publicized acquisitions of Bobby Bonds and Catfish Hunter the Yankees increased their audience by nearly 35%. At the same time the Mets' numbers have risen 10%; one telecast attracted an astonishing 40% of all the viewers in the New York area.

The disparity in the size of the two teams' average TV audiences—1.4 million people for Met games to one million for the Yankees—is fairly easy to understand: New Yorkers long have favored the National League. But the overall increase in baseball's New York audience is more difficult to explain, particularly since Yankee fans must be somewhat clairvoyant to find out when their team's games will be telecast. Neither the station (WPIX) nor the Yankee announcers have done a good job of explaining what the scheduling policy is. The Yankees telecast approximately 70 games a year (down from 123 some 10 years ago), most of them on Tuesdays and weekends. But they sometimes skip Friday nights or an entire weekend when the club plays in certain Western Division cities from which transmission line costs are high. The Mets carry 120 games and make it a point to show many contests against Western Division opponents.

When the Mets still were foundlings, the Yankees started their decline. In the mid-'60s, they not only began losing a lot of games, but they also fired their best-known announcers, Mel Allen and Red Barber. From a broadcasting point of view, they have yet to recover.

Because the Mets have more viewers, their station, WOR-TV, can charge $1,250 for a 30-second commercial while WPIX receives only $900. And the Mets have helped increase interest in their players and those of other teams with a postgame show, *Kiner's Korner*. After all home games Hall of Famer Ralph Kiner talks to two players from the winning team, and by combining taped highlights with his considerable expertise and pertinent questions, he gives his show an informative, inside tone.

The Yankees do not have a postgame show. At the conclusion of an exciting night game WPIX switches directly to its "killer news," which specializes in coverage of death and destruction. It is frequently an unwelcome transition for sports fans.

New York's growing audience is not an isolated phenomenon. Local broadcasts across the country have added 20% to their ratings so far this year, an increase that has been accompanied by an overall improvement in baseball's attendance figures. This has occurred because baseball remains a most appealing sport and, just as important, tickets are both available and reasonably priced. The increase also indicates that predictions in recent years of the game's demise were somewhat exaggerated. END

How come in every recession someone else gets rich?

Look around you. You'll find some people moving ahead despite the times. And someone who's getting rich.

That happens in every recession.

And the main reason is a very logical one: when times get tougher, people are forced to become a lot wiser in the ways of handling their money. Switching investments. Stopping drains on money that should have been stopped long ago. Getting advice from professionals.

And soon their whole way of thinking changes. Their goals change. Instead of looking for the nickels and dimes, they begin to think in terms of important opportunities.

And some of them actually end up rich.

Because they started worrying about money, they never have to worry about it again.

If you're willing to admit you don't know enough—and aren't doing enough—about money now, you have a good start.

Now, the next step:

Once, just learning about money took a lot more trouble than it has to now.

You had to read some pretty thick books. Subscribe to special kinds of newsletters and bulletins. Do a lot of footwork to find all the information you needed.

And even then you missed a lot of it. Because you didn't run into the right specialists at the right time.

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Today there's one simple way to get all the information you need—one source covering every area that affects your money. It's a magazine unlike any magazine you've ever read. MONEY Magazine . . .

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- A tennis court you can build yourself for $1,000.
- Are your real estate taxes too high? How to tell, what to do about it.
- How to negotiate your insurance claim to get the most you can.
- 5 simple ways to save gas without driving less.
- Understanding stock options—the booming new market for small investors.
- How to choose art, for as little as $150, that can be expected to appreciate by some 30% to 90% a year.
- The best ways to invest your new tax-deferred retirement account.
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As you can see by this small sample, MONEY covers everything you need to know today about making, saving, investing and spending money.

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FISHING / *Robert H. Boyle*

The man's hooked on plugs

Whether they pop, dive, float or wobble, the old artificials have made a sucker of Seth Rosenbaum

The contemplative character on the right is indeed a character. His name is Seth Rosenbaum, and he lives in an apartment in Queens, N.Y. with 5,000 fishing lures. Some 3,000 of these lures are plugs, and there is little doubt that his plug collection ranks among the world's largest.

Originally carved from wood, plugs have been made of metal, cork and rubber, and in recent years, plastic. Designed to float, dive, sink, bob, pop or wobble and shaped to resemble baitfish, frogs, crayfish, mice or absolutely nothing at all found in nature, plugs have accounted for more than their share of world-record fish. Among them are a 69-pound 15-ounce muskie that glommed on to a Creek Chub Jointed Pikie, a 22-pound four-ounce largemouth bass that fell for a Creek Chub Jointed Wag-Tail and an 11-pound 15-ounce smallmouth bass that tried to eat a Pearl White Bomber.

By profession Rosenbaum is a computer consultant, absolutely on top of digital science. Therefore, in an effort to keep up with his acquisitions, he is in the midst of a project to computerize his holdings on three different master lists: by name of lure, date made and manufacturer. For all this technological organization, complete with printouts, the truth is, Rosenbaum spends his idle hours mentally dwelling in the years 1910 and 1911, which he fondly refers to as "the golden age of plugs, when everybody was getting into the act."

On occasion, Rosenbaum lives out those golden days. He has been known to show up at seaside to pursue bluefish with a greenheart rod and Cuttyhunk line. And a few weeks ago he arrived at a friend's house to fish for largemouth bass—"the plug fish"—toting an ancient leather tackle box containing everything but a sled named *Rosebud*. There were bait-casting reels with braided silk lines, quill minnows from Victorian England, a selection of snelled-catgut hooks and, of course, plugs, among them an aluminum Shakespeare Revolution.

Once out on the friend's pond in a canoe, Rosenbaum tied on a 50-year-old Rush Tango plug five inches long. "One of the greats," he enthused. "The Tango floats when at rest, but almost half the plug is lip, and on a normal retrieve it dives to 25 feet, which is very deep indeed. That means my line takes a really sharp angle in the water, and even as this floating plug goes down it has very nice action. If I stop reeling, buoyancy brings it up again, so that I have a kind of three-dimensional action working for me." On his third cast, a 12-inch bass struck. Rosenbaum landed it with glee. "Camera! Camera!" he cried. "One doesn't see this every day!" He released the bass and confided, "What I've always wanted to have happen is to be fishing and have some stranger ask me, 'Hey, bud, what works on this lake?' And I'll casually answer, 'Oh, a 1902 Shakespeare Revolution and the 1921 Rush Tango are favorites here.'"

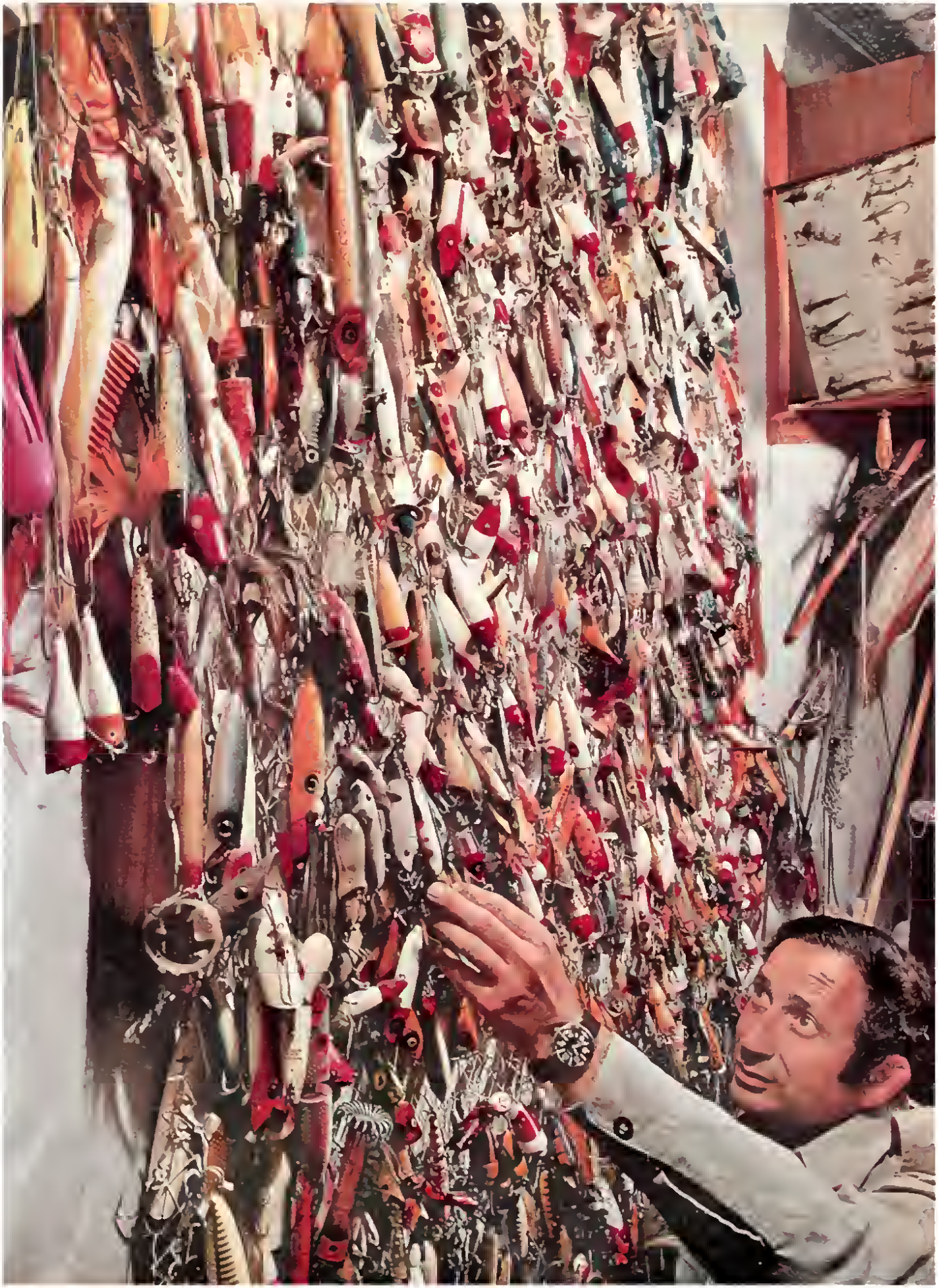
Now in his 40s, Rosenbaum has been fishing since he was seven. "I just bought lures for fishing back then," he recalls. "But by the 1950s I began buying some for esthetic reasons and I have simply kept on buying, plugs mainly. Because of my business, I always traveled a great deal, and whenever I hit a town I'd head for the local tackle stores. Tackle hadn't become as commercial as it is now. If a store didn't sell a plug in 1938, it was there in '39, and if it didn't sell in '39, it was there in '40. And it might still be there in '52 or '53. Dealers didn't clean out their shelves then—the stuff just stayed on forever. I found I could buy very old material that might have been around 15, 20 or 30 years. After the '50s, with new merchandising methods and everything in little plastic envelopes or blister packs, and with the price getting knocked down in 30, 60, 90 days, it became harder and harder to find old tackle. I began to swap and advertise.

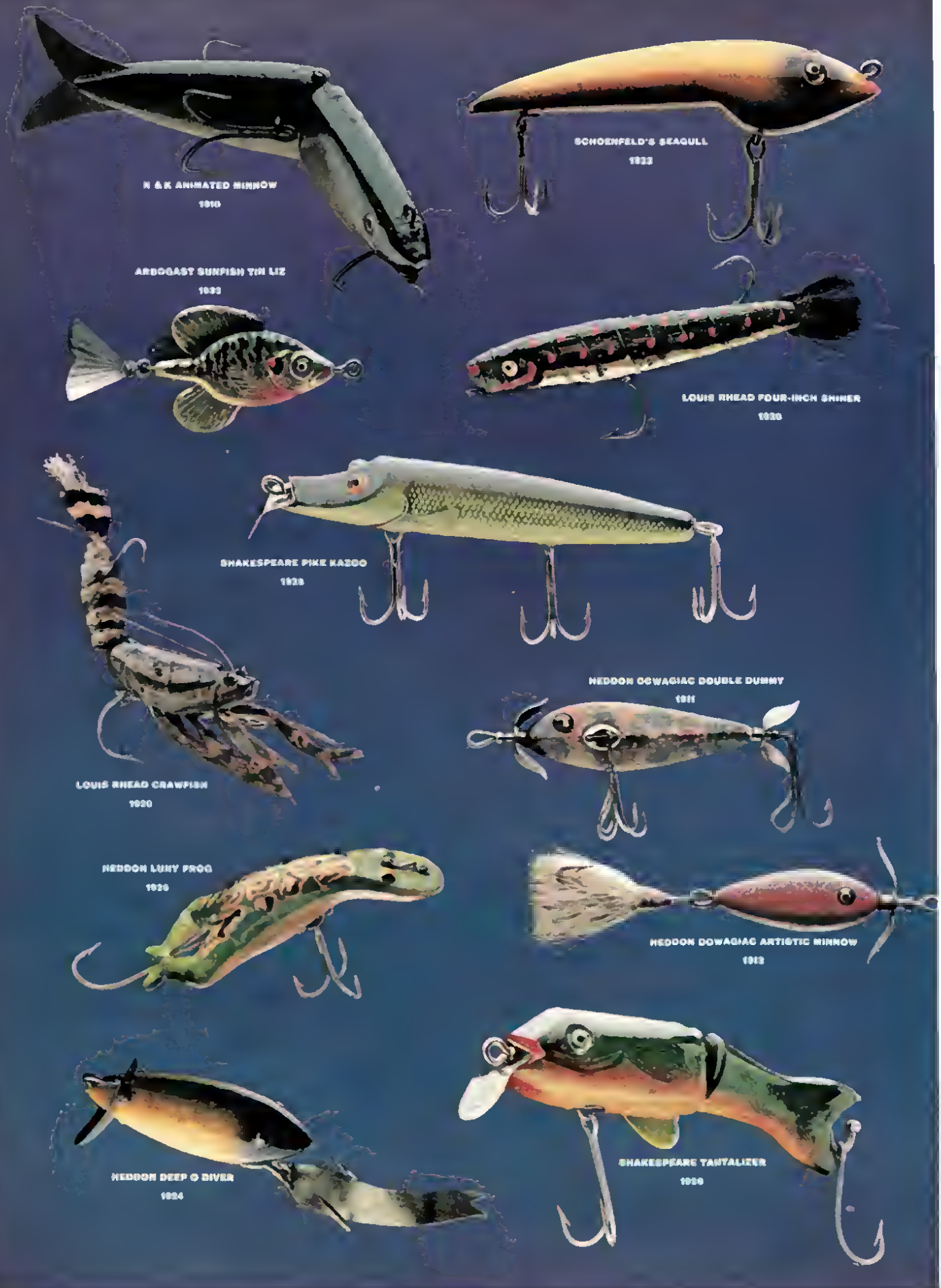
"Generally I'll run an ad in a publication with a circulation of 40,000 or under. I don't want to get inundated. I've had trouble keeping up with the moderate amount of mail I receive. In Glens Falls, N.Y., I advertised in the daily paper once or twice. I did O.K., maybe four

continued

Rosenbaum's brightly colored "Wall of Death" chronicles nearly 90 years of fishing artifice.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY GROSKINSKY




N & K ANIMATED MINNOW
1910
SCHOENFELD'S SEAGULL
1923
ARBOGAST SUNFISH TIN LIZ
1933
LOUIS RHEAD FOUR-INCH SHINER
1930
SHAKESPEARE PIKE KAZOO
1928
LOUIS RHEAD CRAWFISH
1930
HEDDON OCWAGIAC DOUBLE DUMMY
1911
HEDDON LUNY FROG
1926
HEDDON OCWAGIAC ARTISTIC MINNOW
1913
HEDDON DEEP O DIVER
1924
SHAKESPEARE TANTALIZER
1926

or five responses. I got a Feather Gettum, which doesn't mean much to most people, but it's a rare lure. I also got a couple of old reels that I immediately passed on to Richard Miller in Hudson, Mass., who collects reels, along with rods and some plugs. I'm waiting to see what I get back from him. I'll take anything, but I can always pass the garbage on to another collector who thinks it's exotic stuff. I'm one of the few I know of who collect saltwater plugs; another is Dick Streater in Mercer Island, Wash. He and I trade Pacific Northwest salmon plugs. But I also have a nice collection of Atoms, particularly Reverse Atoms, and striped bass fishermen will pay $30 or $40 for a Reverse Atom because that type is not made anymore. Nowadays Bob Pond makes the Atom plugs, but they were originally made by Captain Bill on Cape Cod, out of wood. Then Pond came along with a plastic Atom. Actually, the rarest saltwater plug was made by Fuller Brothers, a popper that has beautifully tapered lines to it."

Like the bait-casting reel and the split-bamboo fly rod, the plug is an American invention. Despite the success of the balsa Rapala from Finland, plugs made in the U.S. have dominated the world angling market. As an authoritative English book, *The Penguin Guide to Fishing*, concedes: ". . . no British manufacturer has anything to offer as good as the plug baits imported from the United States."

According to a hallowed story about the invention of the plug, one day in 1888 James Heddon, a Michigan bass fisherman, was whittling a piece of wood on Dowagiac Creek while waiting for a pal to come by. Idly, Heddon tossed the piece of wood into the creek and was astounded to see a largemouth belt it into the air. Idea! Whittling while he worked, Heddon started turning out "Dowjack" plugs for friends, and by 1902 business had grown to such proportions that he built the first factory to turn out plugs in volume.

The early Heddon plugs were of cedar and invariably featured a propeller, as shown here on the Artistic Minnow and the Double Dummy. Later plugs, such as the Deep D Diver, which is supposed to look like a crayfish, used a lip plate for diving. "Heddon specialized in hook gimmicks," Rosenbaum says. "His was the first company to come out with a hook hanger screwed into a plug. In 1911 Heddon introduced the Double Dummy, so called because of its unusual hooks. Let me read from an old ad. 'Jim Heddon's last invention, the Double Dummy design of hook, shows how triumphantly he satisfied his final ambition to produce a hook more certain of impaling the fish than any treble gang, yet free from its inhumanity and inconveniences. . . . The black bass, of all varieties and in all climates, always attacks the minnow at the side. . . . The single hook is placed to engage the upper jaw and the dummy portion comes into contact with the lower jaw, forcing the hook point into the upper jaw, without danger of disengagement.' "

To Rosenbaum, Heddon's finest achievement was the Luny Frog, which was manufactured in 1926. "Fishing with a Luny Frog is like playing with a deck of marked cards," he says of the plug he considers the greatest bass lure ever made. Unlike most frog imitations, which float on the retrieve, the Luny Frog's enticing action is displayed four or five feet underwater. It was made of Pyralin, similar to Bakelite, which was both its strength and weakness. "If you cast a Luny Frog and hit a rock," Rosenbaum says, "you have an 18-piece Luny Frog." On exceptional occasions Rosenbaum will fish a Luny Frog in carefully scouted rockless areas using 40-pound-test line to make certain that a bass can't break off with it. "I couldn't bear to lose a Luny Frog," he says. "They are very rare. They are very precious to me." Not long ago when a friend suggested, with much throat clearing, that he would, ahem, like to borrow a Luny Frog, Rosenbaum raised a hand and cautioned, "My dear fellow, you can move into my apartment for a week, eat all the food in my well-stocked larder, wear my clothes, run up a huge phone bill, give wild parties and carry on in general, but I shall be in a motel, along with every Luny Frog I own."

Well before the Luny Frog or the Double Dummy, other companies had sprung up to compete with Heddon: Creek Club, South Bend, Pflueger and Shakespeare (started by a man named William Shakespeare Jr.). "The finishes on Shakespeare plugs were probably better than anyone else's," Rosenbaum says. "Note the detail, right down to the painted fins." By 1910 a small company, K & K, had made the first jointed minnow. Rosenbaum is intrigued by its incorporation of metal fins, almost as much as its articulated movement.

Around World War I, an *Art Nouveau* artist named Louis Rhead began marketing imitations of frogs, crayfish and minnows under the name of "Nature Lures." Perhaps in an effort to knock down competition, Rhead decried "the faults of commercial baits made by machinery" in a book, *Fisherman's Lures and Game-fish Food*, published by Scribner's in 1920. Rhead is a controversial figure in American angling. Earlier, he had published a book on flies with most imaginative ties, but inasmuch as he gave his imitations of aquatic insects fanciful names, which beclouded entomological identification by anyone else, Rhead has been relegated to angling purgatory by fly-fishermen. In truth, Rhead belongs in angling heaven. He was far ahead of his time, and fly-tiers and plug makers have been taking ideas and inspiration from him for years. Rosenbaum has the finest collection of Rhead plugs in existence, as evidenced by the Shiner and very rare Crayfish, which he scooped up with joy and in numbers from the cellar of William Mills when that venerable Manhattan firm closed shop four years ago.

One of the truly exquisite plugs in the Rosenbaum collection is Schoenfeld's Sea Gull, made in 1923. "It's a relatively rare item," he says. "It's pretty, simply pretty. I've never fished with it." With its bulbous shape it might be considered a forerunner of the now popular Big D.

The Arbogast Sunfish Tin Liz (the hook hidden on the far side of its movable tail in the photograph at left) was the first lure manufactured by Fred Arbogast. "He was a world champion plug caster, both for distance and accuracy," Rosenbaum says, "and he later made the Hawaiian Wiggler and the Jitterbug. His biggie was the Jitterbug, still as good as any surface plug made."

For all the plugs among his treasures, Rosenbaum lusts after a variant of the Rush Tango, called the Tigertango. "It has a blockier head than the regular Tango," he says. What would he swap for that, Rosenbaum was asked the other day by phone. "Anything except my life," he replied. A Heddon Luny Frog? "I wouldn't mention *that*," he said, abruptly hanging up. After the line went dead, one imagined Rosenbaum packing immediately to move to a motel. **END**

The difference between

At first glance, even second glance, the difference between these two cars is not readily apparent. That's because they share the same basic concept: a car brilliantly designed for today's person to drive in today's world.

The Honda on the left is the Honda Civic CVCC. One way to tell it from the car on the right is by the air scoops directly in front of the windshield.

More important is something you can't see: its brilliant 1488cc CVCC Advanced Stratified Charge Engine. It meets 1975 Federal emissions requirements, as well as the more stringent California standards, without the need of a catalytic converter. And it runs on regular, low-lead, or no-lead gas.

The Honda on the right is simply the Honda Civic. The 4-speed Sedan is now the lowest priced car in America: $2649.†

And it got 41 miles per gallon for highway driving in EPA lab tests.

It has a more conventional 1237cc engine that meets 1975 Federal emissions requirements without a catalytic converter. It, too, runs on regular, low-lead, or no-lead gas.

Both cars, being Hondas, have the ability to cope brilliantly with the problems faced by today's motorist.

Outside dimensions have been held

CVCC CIVIC

1488cc 2 DR. SEDAN	PRICE*	MPG** CITY	MPG** HWY.
4-speed	$2799	28	38
Hondamatic	$2979	23	28
HATCHBACK			
4-speed	$3009	28	38
Hondamatic	$3189	23	28
5-speed	$3369	28	42

Honda Civic CVCC 1488cc not available in Alaska.

a Honda and a Honda.

to a minimum to make the cars easy to maneuver and park on crowded city streets. Inside space has been pushed to the maximum so that four adults may be seated in comfort.

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†1975 Honda Civic 1237cc not available in California or Alaska.

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HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.

TRACK & FIELD / *Chris Brasher*

Wanderlust for his record

Milers on the European track circuit flitted about the Continent in search of Tanzanian Filbert Bayi, who incomprehensively remained in Africa

"Come midsummer and I feel like a migratory bird," says Marty Liquori. "It is time to fly across the ocean to Europe." Liquori is talking in the quiet dining room of a motel on the outskirts of the Italian city of Milan. Outside in the lobby there is bedlam. A raucous strike of hotel, restaurant and airport workers is in progress. Track and field athletes of nations from New Zealand to Finland are bombarding the reception desk—manned by hard-pressed senior management people and their harried wives and daughters—asking desperate questions, such as "How do we get to Athens tomorrow? Do we walk across the Alps?"

Later in the evening the whole polyglot assemblage competes in an ancient stadium in the center of the city before a fervent crowd of 30,000. Liquori wins the 1,500 meters in 3:41.8; John Walker of New Zealand takes the 1,000 meters in 2:17.2, with his countryman Rod Dixon second. The times are respectable but not startling—how can they be after a long day of travel from Sweden and the wearisome effort of finding someplace to eat and sleep amid a plethora of notices that proclaim SCIOPERO—STREIK—GREVE—STRIKE. At least we now know the Italian, German and French words for work stoppage.

This was the European track and field circuit in full chaotic bloom. It started on the first day of summer in a small town nestling among the forests and lakes of central Finland, moved to Helsinki for a meet June 25-26, on to Stockholm June 30-July 1 and then to Milan on July 2 before the company divided, with some athletes traveling southeast to Athens and others northwest to London.

It was a royal progress, a traveling court of princes of the track, but it was a court with an absent king. The king was expected in all these cities, but he had affairs of state to attend—specifically, the celebration of the independence of Mozambique. His name is Filbert Bayi, he rules the mile and the 1,500 meters and he is the principal reason for the presence on the European circuit this summer of Liquori, Walker and Dixon. They all want to run against Bayi, the 22-year-old Tanzanian air force lieutenant who set a

world record of 3.32.2 for 1,500 meters in 1974 and who broke Jim Ryun's eight-year-old world record for the mile in Kingston, Jamaica, seven weeks ago (SI, May 26). But that mile race was only a nibble at the record. Ryun's time, set on a cinder track, was 3:51.1; Bayi's, on a modern Tartan track, was 3:51 flat. "Records in the mile," says Peter Snell, the New Zealander who held the record from 1962 to 1965, "should be broken by a respectable margin. One-tenth of a second is not respectable."

"Besides," says Marty Liquori, "a Tartan track is worth far more than a tenth of a second."

So there was another reason for the three of them to be in Europe—to tilt not only at Bayi but also at the "soft" world record. They waited to run against him at 1,500 meters in the big Olympic stadium in Helsinki, but Bayi was a no-show. It was chilly, the wind blew and Walker won in a good but not sensational 3.36.31. They flew to Stockholm, where the promoters were confident Bayi would appear. Yes, he was still in Mozambique, but an airplane ticket had been reserved there for him and he was expected in Stockholm at any minute. They would present him at a press conference on Sunday. Come Sunday and the embarrassed promoters had to admit they had no idea where Bayi was. Moreover, there was now only one flight left that could get him to the meet on time.

They never did locate him and in their disappointment failed to realize that they still had a star-dusted field for their mile. Liquori, who had finished a strong second (3:52.2) to Bayi in Jamaica; Walker, the second-fastest 1,500-meter man in history (3:32.5, which equates to a sub-3:50 mile); and Dixon, the 1972 Olympic bronze medalist in the 1,500.

All they needed was a pacemaker—but the promoters neglected to start looking for one till Monday afternoon, a few hours before the feature mile. They came up with a stocky young New Zealander named Stuart Melville, unaware that he had already worked out twice that day—a long run in the morning, a sharp speed session in the afternoon. But Melville, scraping his way around Europe, where the prices rise week by week, was not going to turn down the assignment, with its promise of a free hotel room and maybe some assistance with his air fare.

It was a perfect evening for great deeds. The air was still and warm, the crowd knowledgeable and stacked close to the track. The race began, the field jostling on the first tight bend until Melville pushed out of the ruck and set the pace. It did not look fast and was not—60 seconds (59.59 to be precise) for the first lap—yet the stars were not keeping up with the pacemaker.

WALKER RACES TO VICTORY OVER LIQUORI (65) IN SWIFT BAYI-LESS MILE AT STOCKHOLM

Liquori was leading the desultory chase but not until after the half mile did he really begin to move. "I couldn't make up my mind whether to sit back and just kick at the finish or stir things up," he said later. He stirred things, whipping past 1,200 meters (approximately three-quarters of a mile) in 2:57.7, and streaking down the backstretch of the last lap with Walker and Dixon giving chase. Liquori still led into the long homestretch, but then Walker, blond hair streaming, changed gear. There was no knee lift, no evident power and drive. Walker just went faster, much faster, and sustained it for a full 10 seconds. He won in 3.52.2, the same time Liquori ran behind Bayi in the world-record mile.

"What would have happened if Bayi had been in the race?" Walker was asked later. "That's bloody obvious," he said. "It would have been 3:48 or 49. The question is who would have won—him or me?" How did he feel about Bayi not turning up? "Well, I came here to run against him, didn't I? I was really looking forward to it. And now—goodbayi. Look, I'm his friend. I'm not going to blame him. It's his blasted federation."

Liquori, clocked in 3:53.4 for second, was more critical. "I feel real bad. Bayi is always knocking the pros, saying that he wants to remain free to run when and where he likes. And now where is he? I came here to find the answer to the question of what I should run in the Olympics next year—the 1,500, knowing that I can beat Bayi, or the 5,000, knowing that I can't. I was ready. I'm sure it would have been under 3:50."

Yet the feeling persists that these three runners have only themselves to blame. They could have set a record without Bayi and they could have done so by a significant margin. That would have flushed him out into the arenas of Europe. Instead they acted like courtiers who are too disorganized to overthrow the king. They ran no better in Milan or London.

But there may be one more opportunity this summer, a meeting on July 26 in Gateshead in northeast England. "Bayi has promised me he will come," says Brendan Foster, the British Olympian who is putting on the meet. "And we've got Walker, Dixon and Liquori."

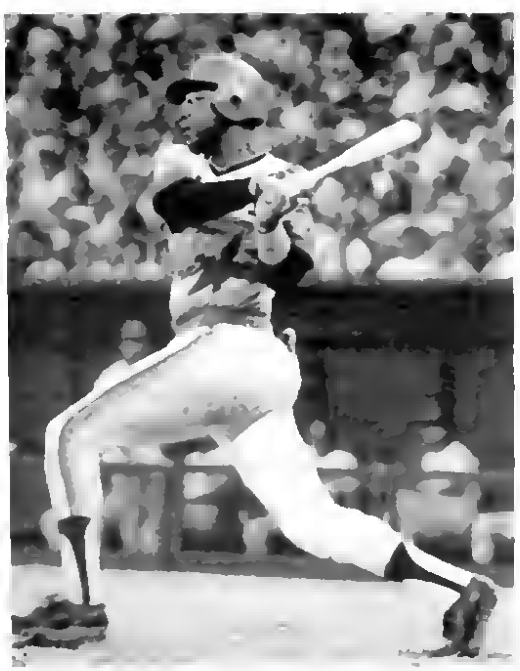
By July 26 the three wandering milers will have many more races in their legs, many more days of getting up at six in the morning to catch planes, of missed connections in Copenhagen or Zurich or Frankfurt, of strange beds and stranger food. "You know," says Liquori, "I can't remember what it is like to spend the summer at home. We convince ourselves that we are having more fun than those who stay in the States or New Zealand, but now I'm beginning to doubt it. I can't remember what it's like to sleep in my own bed." END

BASEBALL / *Jim Kaplan*

All-American but not an All-Star

Astro Bob Watson is long on hits and character, but short on votes

The seconds were ticking off in the race for the one baseball record no one will ever break, and Bob Watson of the Houston Astros, standing at second base in Candlestick Park during a game early this season, knew he had a chance to set it. As the ball rocketed off teammate Milt May's bat and headed deep to right, Watson tagged up and held his breath. Home run! Elated, Watson forgot all about the record and started to jog home. His teammates, alerted by a message flashed on the scoreboard that major league baseball's 999,999th run already had been tallied, began to yell at him, and Watson started to sprint. He just beat Cincinnati's Dave Concepcion, who was rounding third 2,000 miles away, to score the millionth run.



WATSON BATS .328 WITHOUT PRACTICE

"I guess I wasn't thinking about myself," Watson said later. And that, as any Astro will tell you, is the kind of man he is. Having gone quite unnoticed for nine years despite his superior play, Watson had his shoes enshrined in the Hall of Fame for something that only haphazardly involved him—and even then he almost blew it.

If you live outside Houston, chances are you may never have heard of Watson. Even for those who live there, it has not been hard to overlook him. Watson played for a long time in the shadow of Jimmy Wynn and Cesar Cedeno in the Houston outfield. More often than not he was celebrated only for such oddities as accidentally breaking the jaw of Montreal's Tim Foli, being showered with beer by the fans in Cincinnati or scoring that millionth run.

Yet all this time Watson has been averaging .294, which at the end of last season tied him for 10th place among active National Leaguers. Heartened by a switch this season to first base, his best position, he has had a 13-game hitting streak and is among the league leaders in average (.328) and runs batted in (57). Still, he has received scant support in the balloting for next week's All-Star Game. According to the latest tally, he stood a very distant third among players at his position, even though his batting average is higher and he has more RBIs and home runs (12) than either Steve Garvey or Tony Perez, the two men outpolling him. The only way he can make the team is if National League Manager Walter Alston selects him as a substitute.

"A lot of people ask me if I'm disappointed with the way the name Bob Watson has been tossed around," he says. "Not really. I'm not flashy. I don't steal many bases or hit many homers. And the club hasn't done that well in the past. It doesn't bother me. If I had done something to be more recognized, the club might have won more."

At least ballplayers give him his due. "Watson is my toughest out," says Pitcher Don Sutton of the Dodgers. "He's a consistent hitter who makes contact." And Tom Seaver of the Mets says, "He hits anything, and that's the sign of a good hitter: one who doesn't just hit your mistakes but hits your good pitches."

In baseball terms, Watson is a hatter who "lights" the ball. He is called The Bull for his size (6′2″) and strength, but his swing is that of spray-hitters Joe Torre and Tommy Davis, who have given him batting tips. Watson forgoes the slugger's looping uppercut for a downward chop: the results are some of the hardest liners since Frank Howard's.

"You're trying to play hard pepper with the pitcher," he says. "If you swing early, you go to left, on time, to center, later, to right. That way they can't defense you." The Giants play Watson to pull, most teams line up straightaway against him and the Mets figure him to hit to right with an inside-out swing. All, in truth, are guessing.

"If I have any formula for success, it's not to take batting practice," says Watson. "The last four years, I've taken very little after May 15. I'll take it the first night in a city to see what the background is, or if we have a day game I'll take four or five swings, but that's all. In batting practice you're hitting pitching that's not even half speed. You can hurt a back or leg muscle. What I'll do is take out a fungo bat and swing it maybe 100 times at imaginary pitches—high and low, down the middle, in and out."

If Watson is not a pitcher's best friend, he at least understands them. Coming out of Los Angeles' Fremont High School, where his graduation was sandwiched between those of Padre Bobby Tolan and Dodger Willie Crawford, he aspired to be a big league catcher, and probably would be one had he not injured his throwing arm in the minors. "Pitchers still come to him for advice," says lefthander Dave Roberts of the Astros. "Sometimes he may tell me to stop throwing fastballs, and he's right. I'm the kind of pitcher who needs to mix up his pitches to be effective."

Indeed, Watson is a bit of everything to the lowly Astros: a father confessor for pitchers, hitters and troubled souls, an example-setting family man and even the team's spiritual leader in charge of lining up ministers for chapel services on the road. "He's a moral stander," says Houston Manager Preston Gomez. "The kind of guy you can take home to your children. Other guys, once they take off their uniforms you don't want to see them no more."

Such a man surely is worthy of more than passing notice, and Watson will get some when Tootsie Roll Industries, Inc., sponsor of the millionth-run promotion, uses him during the off-season. "I was glad to hear he's a clean-living athlete," says Richard Harshman, vice-president

in charge of marketing and sales. "We have to keep the image—good for kids, good for Tootsie Rolls. I know he's not blond and blue-eyed, but he's my idea of an All-American."

Watson received a $1,000 watch for scoring the lucky run, and there will be a ceremony in his honor at the All-Star Game in Milwaukee. There is irony here not lost on Watson, the All-Star caliber player who cannot get elected to the game.

THE WEEK

(June 30-July 5)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST Cincinnati (6-2) set a major league record for consecutive errorless games (15) before Dan Driessen misplayed a ball in left field. In dismantling the Astros, the Reds had game-tying four-run rallies in the late innings of successive games, winning the first 9–6 on Johnny Bench's three-run homer in the 12th and the other 8–7 on Joe Morgan's single in the 15th. Then, down 3–1 to Houston, Cincy won 4–3 on George Foster's three-run, 420-foot home run.

Houston (0-7) also lost four times to Atlanta. Carl Morton beat the Astros 3–1 and 5–4, the second win coming on Ralph Garr's eighth-inning home run.

Woes mounted for Los Angeles (4-3). Internal rumbling surfaced when some Dodgers complained that Steve Garvey seemed too eager to project his "good-guy image." Garvey answered the criticism with five RBIs in a 7–1 win over the Giants and with a game-winning hit in the 14th to knock off the Padres 6–5. Joe Ferguson probably was lost for the year after breaking his right arm when he punched Padre Pitcher Bill Greif during a beanball ruckus. San Diego (3-5) won that game 10–1 and twice beat Cincinnati, once on a one-hitter by Randy Jones.

San Francisco (3-3) started off the week by getting past L.A. 5–2 to wrap up its first four-game sweep of the Dodgers in 11 years. When the teams met again John Montefusco further frustrated the Dodgers 1–0.

CIN 33-29 LA 46-38 SF 39-42
SD 38-44 ATL 36-44 HOUS 28-37

NL EAST While Pittsburgh (6-2) solidified its grip on first place (*page 20*), only one other Eastern team had a winning week. Philadelphia (6-3) started and finished with doubleheader wins over New York. At Shea Stadium the Phillies won 9–6 and 4–3 (on Greg Luzinski's 19th homer in the 12th) as Tug McGraw saved the first game and won the second with seven innings of one-hit relief. In Philly the Mets got even with McGraw when Dave Kingman and Jerry Grote homered in the ninth inning to beat him 4–3. The next day the Phillies took their second twin bill 8–2 and 10–7. During the afternoon Luzinski hit his 22nd homer and took the major league lead in RBIs with 68. Luzinski's clout hit the top of the scoreboard behind the 371-foot sign. Despite such feats Luzinski was not among the top 12 NL outfielders in the ludicrous All-Star voting.

In addition to losing four of five to the Phillies, the Mets (4-5) also lost reliever Bob Apodaca, who sustained a compound fracture of the nose when hit by a batted ball.

Steve Renko of the Expos (3-4) scored 7–3 and 5–1 victories over the Cardinals, rapping five hits and driving in three runs. Al Hrabosky of St. Louis (3-5) had to have his injured left eye taped to keep it open, but that did not hamper him. His three saves boosted his league-leading total to 13.

Chicago (3-6) took a double header from Pittsburgh 6–1 and 2–1, the second win coming on a hit by Jose Cardenal. The night before, Cardenal had been jailed for allegedly pummeling a policeman who charged his wife with illegally parking their car.

PITT 48-31 PHIL 46-36 NY 40-37
ST. L 38-41 CHI 39-43 MONT 33-42

AL EAST First place was like a greased pole: those who grasped it instantly slipped. New York (0-7) was on top for one day, then was bumped aside by Boston in a 3–2 loss at Fenway Park. The Red Sox (3-6) hardly had time to enjoy their lead before falling on hard times. Rick Wise did beat the Brewers 6–3, but lost his no-hitter with two out in the ninth when George Scott homered. Dick Pole fared worse. While downing Baltimore 5–2, he was struck by a line drive and suffered a fractured cheekbone. Then the Sox lost two of three to the fast-rising Brewers, who moved into a tie for first with the Sox. Sure enough, once there the Brewers lost twice to last-place Detroit.

Catching up on the stumbling leaders were the Orioles (6-2), who cut their games-behind margin from eight to four. Baltimore, which had struggled for runs all season, suddenly scored them in bunches. Don Baylor hit five homers and tied a big-league record with four in a row, three in a 13–5 laugher over Detroit. All this was on the road, where the Orioles are hitting 31 points higher than at home and where they have hit 16 more homers than they have in Baltimore.

Since a Cleveland sportscaster held on-the-air funeral services for the Indians the club has enjoyed a resurrection, winning 12 of 15 games. Last week the Indians were 6-2. Four of the victories were by the score of 3–2, with rookie Eric Raich earning two of them and Dave LaRoche winning one and saving two others.

It was also a week of resurgence for Detroit (4-4), which had lost 21 of 25. Joe Coleman stopped Baltimore 9–5 for his first triumph in six weeks. And with Willie Horton and Bill Freehan rapping timely hits, the Tigers built a three-game winning streak, their longest in two months.

BOS 42-38 MIL 43-37 NY 41-38
BALT 38-40 CLEV 38-42 DET 31-46

AL WEST A Mutt and Jeff slugging combination helped Kansas City, and the funky chicken and a couple of upstart pitchers bailed out California. The Royals (4-2) hit 15 homers, 11 as they took two of three games from the Rangers. Freddie Patek, 5′4″ and 140 pounds, clouted two of them, and John Mayberry, 6′3″ and 220 pounds, blasted five against Texas (three in one game) and added another against Chicago to give him six in 13 at bats.

Mickey Rivers of the Angels (4-4) was benched for three days, then came back to steal three bases and increase his major-league-leading total to 46. He attributed his resurgence to a resumption of the frequent dancing that he had cut out several weeks ago. After going back to the bump and the funky chicken, Rivers said, "They keep the life in my legs." Nolan Ryan was drubbed twice, once blowing a 6–0 lead, but Ed Figueroa and Frank Tanana excelled. Figueroa handled the A's 2–0 and Tanana whiffed 15 Twins in a 10–3 win. That gave Tanana 40 strikeouts in three starts, tying an AL mark for lefties and making him only the fifth pitcher ever to strike out 40 in such a short span.

Chicago (4-3) continued its Phoenixlike rise from the basement, taking three of four games from Oakland and winging its way to third place. Jim Kaat (13-4) became the majors' top winner with two victories.

Oakland's Vida Blue won for the 12th time and Ken Holtzman beat California 7–1 and 5–0. But the A's, who began the week tied for the major league lead in home runs, hit none and lost four other outings.

Homers were something Ferguson Jenkins of the Rangers (3-4) did not want to think about after yielding five to raise his league lead in that unenviable category to 25.

Reliever Vic Albury of the Twins (4-5) was doubly concerned when he came in against the Angels in the eighth inning. He was worried about the two men on base he inherited and also that his new headful of woven hair might slip. But Albury, who is almost bald under his rug, emerged with both a save and his coiffure in a 9–4 win.

OAK 50-30 KC 45-35 CHI 37-41
TEX 38-43 MINN 37-42 CAL 38-46

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It was an era of grace and pomposity and wondrous feats, of bizarre happenings that the small boy would remember: Harry Houdini sipping lemonade in the parlor, Father at the Pole with Peary, John J. McGraw cawing at Coogan's Bluff. An excerpt from a distinguished new novel that blends fact and fancy

THE MAGIC OF RAGTIME

BY E.L. DOCTOROW

CONTINUED

In 1902 Father built a house at the crest of the Broadview Avenue hill in New Rochelle, New York. It was a three-story brown shingle with dormers, bay windows and a screened porch. Striped awnings shaded the windows. The family took possession of this stout manse on a sunny day in June and it seemed for some years thereafter that all their days would be warm and fair. The best part of Father's income was derived from the manufacture of flags and buntings and other accoutrements of patriotism, including fireworks. Patriotism was a reliable sentiment in the early 1900's. Teddy Roosevelt was President. The population customarily gathered in great numbers either out of doors for parades, public concerts, fish fries, political picnics and social outings, or indoors in meeting halls, vaudeville theatres, operas, ballrooms. There seemed to be no entertainment that did not involve great swarms of people. Trains and steamers and trolleys moved them from one place to another. That was the style, that was the way people lived. Women were stouter then. They visited the fleet carrying white parasols. Everyone wore white in summer. Tennis racquets were hefty and the racquet faces elliptical. There was a lot of sexual fainting. There were no Negroes. There were no immigrants. On Sunday afternoon, after dinner, Father and Mother went upstairs and closed the bedroom door. Grandfather fell asleep on the divan in the parlor. The Little Boy in the sailor blouse sat on the screened porch and waved away the flies. Down at the bottom of the hill Mother's Younger Brother boarded the streetcar and rode to the end of the line. He was a lonely, withdrawn young man with blond moustaches, and was thought to be having difficulty finding himself. The end of the line was an empty field of tall marsh grasses. The air was salt. Mother's Younger Brother in his white linen suit and boater rolled his trousers and walked barefoot in the salt marshes. Sea birds started and flew up. This was the time in our history when Winslow Homer was doing his painting. A certain light was still available along the Eastern seaboard. Homer painted the light. It gave the sea a heavy dull menace and shone coldly on the rocks and shoals of the New England coast. There were unexplained shipwrecks and brave towline rescues. Odd things went on in lighthouses and in shacks nestled in the wild beach plum. Across America sex and death were barely distinguishable.

The little boy in the sailor suit was suddenly restless and began to measure the length of the porch. He trod with his toe upon the runner of the cane-backed rocking chair. He had reached that age of knowledge and wisdom in a child when it is not expected by the adults around him and consequently goes unrecognized. He read the newspapers daily and was currently following the dispute between the professional baseballers and a scientist who claimed that the curve ball was an optical illusion. He felt that the circumstances of his family's life operated against his need to see things and to go places. For instance he had conceived an enormous interest in the works and career of Harry Houdini, the escape artist. But he had not been taken to a performance. Houdini was a headliner in the top vaudeville circuits. His audiences were poor people—carriers, peddlers, policemen, children. His life was absurd. He went all over the world accepting all kinds of bondage and escaping. He was roped to a chair. He escaped. He was chained to a ladder. He escaped. He was handcuffed, his legs were put in irons, he was tied up in a strait jacket and put in a locked cabinet. He escaped. He escaped from bank vaults, nailed-up barrels, sewn mailbags; he escaped from a zinc-lined Knabe piano case, a giant football, a galvanized iron boiler, a rolltop desk, a sausage skin. His escapes were mystifying because he never damaged or appeared to unlock what he escaped from. The screen was pulled away and there he stood disheveled but triumphant beside the inviolate container that was supposed to have contained him. He waved to the crowd. He escaped from a sealed milk can filled with water. He escaped from a Siberian exile van. From a Chinese torture crucifix. From a Hamburg penitentiary. From an English prison ship. From a Boston jail. He was chained to automobile tires, water wheels, cannon, and he escaped. He dove manacled from a bridge into the Mississippi, the Seine, the Mersey, and came up waving. He hung upside

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down and strait-jacketed from cranes, biplanes and the tops of buildings. He was dropped into the ocean padlocked in a diving suit fully weighted and not connected to an air supply. He escaped.

The little boy stood at the end of the porch and fixed his gaze on a bluebottle fly traversing the screen in a way that made it appear to be coming up the hill from North Avenue. The fly flew off. An automobile was coming up the hill from North Avenue. As it drew closer he saw it was a black 45-horsepower Pope-Toledo runabout. He ran along the porch and stood at the top of the steps. The car came past his house, made a loud noise and swerved into the telephone pole. The little boy ran inside and called upstairs to his mother and father. Grandfather woke with a start. The boy ran back to the porch. The driver and the passenger were standing in the street looking at the car: it had big wheels with pneumatic tires and wooden spokes painted in black enamel. It had brass headlamps in front of the radiator and brass sidelamps over the fenders. It had tufted upholstery and double side entrances. It did not appear to be damaged. The driver was in gray livery. He folded back the louvered hood and a geyser of white steam shot up with a hiss.

A number of people looked on from their front yards. But Father, adjusting the chain on his vest, went down to the sidewalk to see if there was something he could do. The car's owner was Harry Houdini, who was spending the day driving through Westchester. He was thinking of buying some property. He was invited into the house while the radiator cooled. He surprised them with his modest, almost colorless demeanor. He seemed depressed. His success had brought into vaudeville a host of competitors. Consequently he had to think of more and more dangerous escapes. He was a short, powerfully built man, an athlete obviously, with strong hands and with back and arm muscles that suggested themselves through the cut of his rumpled tweed suit which, though well tailored, was worn this day inappropriately. The thermometer read in the high eighties. Houdini had unruly stiff hair parted in the middle and clear blue eyes, which did not stop moving. He was very respectful to Mother and Father and spoke of his profession with diffidence. This struck them as appropriate. The little boy stared at him.

Mother had ordered lemonade. It was brought into the parlor and Houdini drank it gratefully. The room was kept cool by the awnings on the windows. The windows themselves were shut to keep out the heat. Houdini wanted to undo his collar. He felt trapped by the heavy square furnishings, the drapes and dark rugs, the Oriental silk cushions, the green glass lampshades. There was a chaise with a zebra rug. Noticing Houdini's gaze, Father mentioned that he had shot that zebra on a hunting trip in Africa. Father was an amateur explorer of considerable reputation. He was past president of the New York Explorers Club, to which he made an annual disbursement. In fact, in just a few days

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES McMULLAN

he would be leaving to carry the Club's standard on the third Peary expedition to the Arctic. You mean, Houdini said, you're going with Peary to the Pole? God willing, Father replied. He sat back in his chair and lit a cigar. Houdini became voluble. He paced back and forth. He spoke of his own travels, his tours of Europe. But the Pole! he said. Now that's something. You must be pretty good to get picked for that. He turned his blue eyes on Mother. And keeping the home fires burning ain't so easy either, he said. He was not without charm. He smiled, and Mother, a large blonde woman, lowered her eyes. Houdini then spent a few minutes doing small deft tricks with objects at hand for the little boy. When he took his leave the entire family saw him to the door. Father and Grandfather shook his hand.

Houdini walked down the path that ran under the big maple tree and then descended the stone steps that led to the street. The chauffeur was waiting, the car was parked correctly. Houdini climbed in the seat next to the driver and waved. People stood looking on from their yards. The little boy had followed the magician to the street and now stood at the front of the Pope-Toledo gazing at the distorted macrocephalic image of himself in the shiny brass fitting of the headlight. Houdini leaned over the side door. Goodbye, Sonny, he said holding out his hand. The boy ran off.

The next morning everyone rode down to the New Rochelle railroad station to see Father off. Some of the office staff was there, and Father's chief assistant made a short speech.

continued

There was a spattering of applause. The New York train arrived, five varnished dark green cars pulled by a Baldwin 4-4-0 with spoked engine truck wheels. The little boy stared as the wiper with his oilcan checked the brass drive pistons. He felt a hand on his shoulder, turned, and his smiling Father took his hand and shook it. Grandfather had to be restrained from lifting the bags. With the porter's help Father and Mother's Younger Brother laid the trunks aboard. Father shook the young man's hand. He had given him a raise and a more responsible position with the firm. Keep your eyes on things, Father said. The young man nodded. Mother beamed. She gently embraced her husband, who kissed her on the cheek. Standing on the rear platform of the last car, Father doffed his skimmer and waved goodbye as the train went around the bend.

The next morning, after a champagne breakfast with the press, the men of Peary's polar expedition cast off the lines and their sturdy little ship, the *Roosevelt*, backed out of her berth into the East River. Fireboats sent up sprays of water which misted in rainbows as the early morning sun rose over the city. Passenger liners tooted their basso horns. It was not until some time later, when the *Roosevelt* had reached the open sea, that Father was persuaded of the actuality of the trip. As he stood at the railing there was transmitted to his bones the awesome unalterable rhythm of the ocean. A while later the *Roosevelt* passed an incoming transatlantic vessel packed to the railings with immigrants. Father watched the prow of the scaly broad-beamed vessel splash in the sea. Her decks were packed with people. Thousands of male heads in derbies. Thousands of female heads covered with shawls. It was a rag ship with a million dark eyes staring at him. Father, a normally resolute person, suddenly foundered in his soul. A weird despair seized him. The wind came up, the sky had turned overcast, and the great ocean began to tumble and break upon itself as if made of slabs of granite and sliding terraces of slate. He watched the ship till he could see it no longer. Yet aboard her were only more customers, for the immigrant population set great store by the American flag.

The boy held in his hand a letter from his father that had been posted from Cape York in northwest Greenland. It had been brought back to the United States by the supply ship *Erik*, which had transported to Greenland thirty-five tons of whale meat for Commander Peary's team of dogs. Mother had copied the letter and thrown the original in the garbage because it strongly suggested the smell of dead whale. The boy had retrieved the letter and as time passed, the grease spots on the envelope were worked into every fiber of the paper by his small hands. The letter was now translucent.

Actually Father wrote every day during the long winter months, letters for delayed transmission which took the form of entries in his journal. In this way he measured the uninterrupted flow of twilight darkness. The members of the expedition lived in surprising comfort aboard the *Roosevelt*, which had been lifted in its berth by the winter floes until it sat like a walnut in icing. Peary lived the most comfortably of all. He had a player piano in his stateroom. He was a large man with a heavy torso and thick red hair turning gray. He wore long moustaches. In a previous expedition he had lost his toes. He walked with an odd gait, a kind of shuffle, pushing his feet along the floor without lifting them. He pedaled his player piano with toeless feet; he was supplied with rolls of the best Victor Herbert numbers as well as a medley of Bowdoin College songs and a version of *The Minute Waltz* which he could pump out in forty-eight seconds.

But the winter months were not given to idleness. There were hunting sorties for musk ox, there were sledges to be built, and the base camp had to be set up ninety miles away, at Cape Columbia, the point from which the actual polar dash across the sea ice would be made. Everyone had to get used to handling dog teams and building igloo shelters. Peary's Negro assistant, Matthew Henson, supervised the training. After numbers of expeditions, Peary had developed a system. Every last detail of their lives in the Arctic represented his considered judgment and was part of the system. The material and designs of the sledges, the food that was to be eaten, the tins in which the food was to be carried, the manner in which the tins were to be lashed to the sledges, the kind of under- and over-clothing that was to be worn, the means of harnessing the dogs, the kinds of knives and guns to carry, the kinds of matches and the means of keeping them dry, the design of the eye guards to be used against snow blindness, and so on. Peary loved to discuss his system. In its essentials—that is, in the use of dogs and sledges and the wearing of fur clothing and the living off local fauna—Peary's system merely adopted the Esquimo way of life. Father realized this with a start one day. As it happened he had been standing on the quarter-deck observing Peary soundly scold one of the Esquimo men who had not done his assigned chore properly. Then Peary shuffled back along the deck, passing Father and saying to him, They're children and they have to be treated like children. Father tended to agree with this view, for it suggested a consensus. He recalled an observation made in the Philippines ten years before where he had fought under General Leonard E. Wood against the Moro guerrillas. Our little brown brothers have to be taught a lesson, a staff officer had said, sticking a campaign pin in a map.

There was no question that the Esquimos were primitives. They were affectionate, gentle, emotional, trustworthy and full of pranks. They loved to laugh and sing. In the deepest part of the winter of continuous night, when terrible storms tore rocks from the cliffs, and winds shrieked, and it was so desolately cold that Father hallucinated that his skin was burning, Peary and most of the men withdrew to the theoretical considerations of his system and so protected themselves against their fear. The Esquimos, who had no system but merely lived here, suffered the terrors of their universe. Sometimes the Esquimo women would unaccountably tear off their clothes and run into the black storms howling and rolling on the ice. Their husbands had forcibly to restrain them from killing themselves. Father kept himself under control by writing in his journal. This was a system too, the system of language and conceptualization. It proposed that human beings, by the act of making witness, warranted times and places for their existence other than

continued

From the novel "Ragtime," to be published next week by Random House.

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Put your cigarette against it.

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They're More.

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the time and place they were living through.

The spring came finally, and it was Peary's assistant, Matthew Henson, who called to Father one morning and pointed aft. A thin ray of light was in the southern sky. In the days that followed, distinctions in the kinds of darkness could be made, and these became more and more pronounced. Finally one morning there rose above the horizon a blurred and blood-red sun, not round but elliptically misshapen, like something born. Everyone in the expedition became happy. Glorious colors, pink and green and yellow, lay upon the snow peaks, and the entire bleak magnificent world offered itself to who would take it. The sky gradually turned blue and Peary said the time had come to conquer the Pole.

The day before the expedition was to leave, Father went along with Matthew Henson and three of the Esquimos to the bird cliffs half a day's journey from the coast. They climbed the cliffs with sealskin bags hung over their shoulders and collected dozens of eggs, a great delicacy in the Arctic. When the birds flew up, chattering and circling, it was as if a portion of the rock cliff had come away. Father had never seen so many birds. They were fulmar and auk. The Esquimos held out nets between them and the birds flew into the nets and became entangled. The nets were taken up at the corners and became sacks of immobile weighted feathers chirping piteously. When the men had caught all they could carry, they made the descent and straightaway slaughtered the birds. The fulmar, about the size of gulls, were wrung by the neck. But what amazed Father was the means by which the small and inoffensive auk was done in. One simply nudged the tiny heart in its breast. Father watched it done and then tried it himself. He held an auk in one hand and with his thumb gently squeezed the beating breast. Its head slumped and it was dead. The Esquimos loved the auklet and customarily pickled it.

On the way back to camp Father and Matthew Henson discussed what the men under Peary always discussed—who would have the honor of actually going to the Pole with him. Before the embarkation from New York the Commander had made it quite clear to everyone that he and he alone was to discover the Pole; their glory would be in support. I've spent my life planning for that moment, Peary said, and I'm going to have it for myself. This seemed to Father a reasonable point of view. He had the diffidence of the amateur before the professional. But it was Matthew Henson's view that someone besides Esquimos would have to go to the top with the Commander, and he thought, with all due respect, it would be himself. Actually Father believed Henson had a good case. Henson had been with Peary on his previous expeditions and he was an astute and formidable Arctic explorer in his own right. He knew how to drive the dogs almost as well as an Esquimo, he knew how to repair sledges, build camps, he had great physical strength and boasted many skills. But Father found himself unaccountably resenting Henson's presumption and he asked the Negro how he knew he would be chosen. They had breasted a ridge along the trail and stood resting the dogs for a moment as they looked over a great white plain of snow. At that moment the sun broke through the overcast and the entire earth flashed like a mirror. Well, sir, Matthew Henson said with a smile, I just know.

The next day the expedition set out due north across the polar ice. They were arranged in separate parties consisting of a white man or two, a group of Esquimo boys, a pack of dogs and four or five sledges. Each party except Peary's was to serve for a week as pioneer or trailbreaker to the rest of the expedition. Eventually, each of them was to peel off and head back to land, leaving Peary and his boys to make the last hundred miles or so in fresh, relatively rested condition. That was the system. The big work was in breaking trail. This was hazardous and backbreaking labor. Ridges of ice had to be hacked away with a pickax, heavy sledges had to be hauled and pushed up ice inclines and then held against precipitous descents. Each sled carried over six hundred pounds of tools and provisions. When it broke, it had to be unloaded and repaired by lashing the broken parts together—work that required an ungloved hand. There were leads of water that had to be crossed or waited out. The ice floes came together with great cracks, like the sound of cannon, and rumbled underfoot like the voice of the ocean itself. Inexplicable fogs blocked out the sun. Sometimes there was nothing to do but crawl across thin sheets of forming ice; no one wanted to be caught on a drifting ice floe. The weather was a constant torment, the wind blowing so sharply at fifty or sixty degrees below zero that the air itself seemed to have changed its physical nature, being now unassimilable crystals in one's lungs. Each breath left its solid residue in the beard or on the frozen edges of the fur hoods. Everyone wore the prescribed soft sealskin shoes, the bear fur trousers and the hooded caribou jackets, but even these indigenous materials turned brittle in the frost. The sun now stood above the horizon twelve hours a day. At the end of a day's travel, perhaps fifteen miles of arduous effort, the pioneer group would make camp, build igloos for the pursuing expedition, feed the dogs, untangle their iced-up traces, light the alcohol cooker to brew tea, and fall to a meal of frozen pemmican and crackers.

Slowly through the month of March the Peary expedition made its way due north. One by one a party would turn back, its obligations now to beat the return trail as thoroughly as possible to make it easier for the parties that would follow. Peary would bring up the lag each day on the outgoing run and immediately occupy one of the igloos built for him by Henson. In the meantime Henson took care of Peary's dogs, repaired broken sledges, made supper and dealt with the Esquimos, many of whom were now becoming difficult. Peary defined the virtues of Esquimos as loyalty and obedience, roughly the same virtues one sought in the dogs. When the time came for the final run for the Pole, now only a hundred miles away, Peary did indeed choose Henson to go with him; and Henson chose the Esquimos who in his judgment were the best boys, the most loyal and devoted to the Commander. The balance of the party was turned around and sent home.

Father had long since gone back. He had pioneered the very first week. He had proven not the sturdiest member of the expedition. This was from no lack of heart, as Peary told him before sending him home, but from the tendency of his extremities to freeze easily. Father's left heel, for in-

continued

Heineken tastes tremendous–no wonder it's number one.

stance, froze every day, no matter what he did to protect it. Each evening in camp he would thaw it out painfully and treat it as best he could, and each morning it would freeze up again. So too with one of his knees and a small area on the top of his hand. Pieces of Father froze very casually and Peary said this was the fate of some men in the North and nothing could be done about it. Peary was not an unkind commander, and he liked Father. During the long winter months aboard the *Roosevelt*, they had discovered themselves members of the same national collegiate fraternity, and this was no light bond between them. But after a lifetime of effort Peary was impatient to get his task done. Father's society had paid a good sum into the Peary chest, and for it they got their man to eighty-four degrees, sixteen minutes, a very respectable way. Before he left, Father presented the Commander with an American flag he had manufactured for the occasion. It was pure silk and a good size, but when folded had no more bulk than a large handkerchief. Peary thanked him, put the flag inside his furs and, after warning Father to look out for the leads, sent him on his return journey to the *Roosevelt* in the company of three bad-tempered Esquimos.

Now Peary was within a day's travel of his lifelong goal. Driving Henson and the Esquimos mercilessly, he had refused to let them sleep more than an hour or two at the end of each arduous day. Now the sun shone brightly, the sky was clear; there was a full moon in the blue sky and the great ice thighs of the earth heaved and shuddered and rose toward the moon. At midmorning of April 6, Peary called a halt. He ordered Henson to build a snow shield to protect him while he took his observations. Peary lay on his stomach and with a pan of mercury and a sextant, some paper and a pencil, he calculated his position. It did not satisfy him. He walked further along the floe and took another sighting. This did not satisfy him. All day long Peary shuffled back and forth over the ice, a mile one way, two miles another, and made his observations. No one observation satisfied him. He would walk a few steps due north and find himself going due south. On this watery planet the sliding sea refused to be fixed. He couldn't find the exact place to say this spot, here, is the North Pole. Nevertheless there was no question that they were there. All the observations together indicated that. Give three cheers, my boy, he told Henson. And let's fly the flag. Henson and the Esquimos cheered loudly but could not be heard in the howling wind. The flag snapped and rippled. Peary posed Henson and the Esquimos in front of the flag and took their picture. It shows five stubby figures wrapped in furs, the flag set in a paleocrystic peak behind them that might suggest a real physical Pole. Because of the light the faces are indistinguishable, seen only as black blanks framed by caribou fur.

When Father returned to New Rochelle he wandered through the house finding everywhere signs of his own exclusion. His son now had a desk, as befitted all young students. He thought he heard an Arctic wind but it was the housemaid Brigit pushing an electric suction cleaner across the rug in the parlor. What was strangest of all was the mirror in his bath; it gave back the gaunt, bearded face of a derelict, a man who lacked a home. His shaving mirror on the *Roosevelt* had not revealed this. He removed his clothes. He was shocked by the outlines of his body, the ribs and clavicle, white-skinned and vulnerable. At night in bed Mother held him and tried to warm the small of his back, curled him into her as she lay against his back cradling his strange coldness.

He put on clothes from his closet that ballooned from him as shapeless as the furs he had worn for a year. He had brought home gifts. He gave his son a pair of walrus tusks and a whale's tooth with Esquimo carvings. He gave his wife the fur of a white polar bear. He pulled Arctic treasures from his trunk—notebooks of his journals, their covers curling at the corners, their pages stiff as pages that have been wet; a signed photograph of Commander Peary; a bone harpoon tip; three or four tins of unused tea—incredible treasures in the North, but here in the parlor the embarrassing possessions of a savage. The family stood around and watched him on his knees. There was nothing he had to tell them. On the Northern arc of the world was a darkness and a coldness that had crept upon him and rounded his shoulders. Now in New Rochelle he smelled on himself the oil of fish liver, fish on his breath, fish in his nostrils. He scrubbed himself red.

The house with its bay windows and beveled corners and three dormers loomed out of the yard like a ship. The rolled awnings were lashed to the windows. He stood on the sidewalk in the morning of a brilliant November day. The fallen leaves were covered with frost and lay like lapping waves about the house. The wind blew. He had come back with a slight limp. He thought about preparing his homecoming lecture for the New York Explorers Club. He found he preferred to sit in the parlor, his feet near a small electric heater. Everyone in the family treated him like a convalescent. His son brought him beef tea. The boy had grown taller. He had lost some of his fat. He was becoming competent and useful. He intelligently discussed Halley's comet. Father felt childlike beside him.

As for the business during Father's absence, it seemed to have got on well. Mother could now speak crisply of such matters as unit cost, inventory and advertising. She had assumed executive responsibilities. She had made changes in certain billing procedures and contracted with four new sales agents in California and Oregon. Everything she had done stood up under his examination. He was astounded.

In the paper was the news of Teddy Roosevelt's African safari. The great conservationist had bagged seventeen lions, eleven elephants, twenty-one rhinos, eight hippos, nine giraffes, forty-seven gazelles, twenty-nine zebras, and kudu, wildebeest, impala, eland, waterbuck, wart hog and bushbuck beyond number.

Father became more and more sensitive of the time he'd lost with his son. He brooded on this. He had always relied on his presence in the child's life as a model for emulation. How smug that was, he thought, how stupid, as the tactic of a man who had acted in his life to distinguish himself from his own father. One day in the spring he looked for the boy and found him on the floor of his room reading in the evening paper an account of the successful play of the New York baseball nine under the masterful coaching of

continued

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John J. McGraw. Would you like to see that team? he said. The boy looked up, startled. I was just thinking of it, he said.

The next afternoon, father and son walked briskly to the railroad station on Quaker Ridge Road. A train pulled in. This was the New York Westchester and Boston railway. It did not go anywhere near Boston, nor did it provide service all the way to New York. But it gave a smooth ride to the Bronx and left them with a trolley connection, the 155th Street crosstown, which went over the Harlem River to the Polo Grounds at Coogan's Bluff.

It was a fine afternoon. Large white clouds moved briskly under a clear blue sky. As the trolley came across the bridge they could see on the bluff overlooking the wooden stands several huge trees which, lacking leaves even in this season, supported derbied figures of men who preferred not to pay to enter the park but to watch the game festooned in the branches like black flowers swaying in the wind. Father caught some of the boy's excitement. He was immensely pleased to be out of New Rochelle. When they reached the park, crowds were streaming down the stairs from the El, cabs were pulling up and discharging their passengers, newsboys were hawking programs of the game, and there was a raucous energy everywhere in the street. Horns blew. The overhead tracks of the El left the street mottled with sun. Father bought the expensive fifty-cent admission, then paid extra for a box, and they entered the park and took their seats behind first base in the lower of the two decks where the sun would for an inning or two cause them to shade their eyes.

The Giants were dressed in their baggy white uniforms with black pin stripes. The manager, McGraw, wore a heavy black cardigan over his barreled trunk with the letters NY emblazoned on the left sleeve. He was short and pugnacious. Like his team he wore socks with thick horizontal stripes and the small flat cap with a peak and a button on the crown. The opponents of the afternoon were the Boston Braves, whose dark blue flannels were buttoned to the neck with the collar turned up. A brisk wind blew the dirt of the field. The game began and almost immediately Father regretted the seats he had chosen. The players' every ragging curse could be heard clearly by his son. The team at bat shouted obscene taunts at the opposing pitcher. McGraw himself, the paternal figure and commander of this team, stood at third base unleashing the most constant and creative string of vile epithets of anyone. His strident caw could be heard throughout the park. The crowd seemed to match him in its passions.

The game was close, with first one team then the other assuming the lead. A runner sliding into second base upended the Giant second baseman, who rose howling, limping in circles and bleeding profusely through his stocking. Both teams came running from their dugouts and the game was stopped for some minutes while everyone fought and rolled in the dirt and the crowd yelled its encouragement. An inning or two after the fight the Giant pitcher Marquard seemed to lose his control and threw the ball so that it hit the Boston batsman. This fellow rose from the ground and ran out toward Marquard waving his bat. Again the dugouts emptied and players wrestled with each other and threw their roundhouse punches and beat clouds of dust into the air. The audience this time participated by throwing soda pop bottles onto the field.

Father consulted his program. On the Giant side were Merkle, Doyle, Meyers, Snodgrass and Herzog, among others. The Boston team boasted a player named Rabbit Maranville, a shortstop who, he noted, roamed his position bent over with his hands at the end of his long arms grazing the grass in a manner that would more properly be called simian. There was a first baseman named Butch Schmidt, and others with the names Cocreham, Moran, Hess, Rudolph, which led inevitably to the conclusion that professional baseball was played by immigrants. When play was resumed he studied each batsman; indeed, they seemed to be clearly from the mills and farms, rude-featured, jug-eared men, sunburned and ham-handed, cheeks bulging with tobacco chew, their intelligence completely absorbed in the effort of the game. The players in the field wore outsized flapping leather gloves which made them look like half-dressed clowns. The dry dust of the diamond was blotched with expectorations. Woe to the campaigns of the Anti-Spitting League in the example of these men.

On the Boston side the boy who picked up the bats and replaced them in the dugout was, upon second look, a midget, in a team uniform like the rest but proportionately minute. His shouts and taunts were piped in soprano. Most of the players who came to bat first touched him on the head, a gesture he seemed to invite, so that Father realized it was a kind of good luck ritual. On the Giant side was no midget but a strange skinny man whose uniform was ill-fitting, who had weak eyes that did not align properly and who seemed to shadow the game in a lethargic pantomime of his own solitude, pitching imaginary balls more or less in time to the real pitches. He looked like a dirt eater. He waved his arm in complete circles, as a windmill turns. Father began to watch the game less than he did this unfortunate creature, obviously a team pet, like the Boston midget. During dull moments of the game the crowd yelled to him and applauded his antics. Sure enough, he was listed in the program as mascot. His name was Charles Victor Faust. He was clearly a fool who, for imagining himself one of the players, was kept on the team roster for their amusement.

Father remembered the baseball at Harvard twenty years before, when the players addressed each other as Mister and played their game avidly, but as sportsmen, in sensible uniforms before audiences of collegians who rarely numbered more than a hundred. He was disturbed by his nostalgia. He'd always thought of himself as progressive. He believed in the perfectability of the republic. He thought, for instance, there was no reason the Negro could not with proper guidance carry every burden of human achievement. He did not believe in aristocracy except of the individual effort and vision. He felt his father's loss of fortune had the advantage of saving him from the uncritical adoption of the prejudices of his class. But the air in this ball park open under the sky smelled like the back room of a saloon. Cigar smoke filled the stadium and, lit by the oblique rays of the afternoon sun, indicated the voluminous cavern of air in which he sat pressed upon as if by a foul

continued

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universe, with the breathless wind of a ten-thousand-throated chorus in his ears shouting its praise and abuse.

Out in center field, behind the bleachers, a great display board indicated the number of outs and the inning and the hits and runs made. A man went along a scaffold and hung the appropriate marked shingles that summarized the action. Father sank into his chair. As the afternoon wore on he entertained the illusion that what he saw was not baseball but an elaborate representation of his own problems accounted, for his secret understanding, in the coded clarity of numbers that could be seen from a distance.

He turned to his son. What is it you like about this game, he said. The boy did not remove his gaze from the diamond. The same thing happens over and over, he said. The pitcher throws the ball so as to fool the batter into thinking he can hit it. But sometimes the batter does hit it, the father said. Then the pitcher is the one who is fooled, the boy said. At this moment the Boston hurler, Hub Perdue, threw a pitch which the New York batter, Red Jack Murray, swung at. The ball soared into the air in a high narrow arc and seemed then to stop in its trajectory. With a start Father realized it was coming directly at them. The boy jumped up and held out his hands and there was a cheer behind them as he stood with the leather-covered spheroid resting in his palms. For one instant everyone in the park looked in their direction. Then the fool with the weak eyes who imagined he was a player on the team came up to the fence in front of them and stared at the boy, his arms and hands twitching in his baggy flannel shirt. His hat was absurdly small for his abnormally large head. The boy held out the ball to him and gently, with a smile almost sane, he accepted it.

An interesting note is that this poor fellow, Charles Victor Faust, was actually called upon to pitch one inning in a game toward the end of this same season when the Giants had already won the pennant and were in a carefree mood. For a moment his delusion that he was a big-leaguer fused with reality. Soon thereafter the players became bored with him and he was no longer regarded as a good luck charm by Manager McGraw. His uniform was confiscated and he was unceremoniously sent on his way. He was remanded to an insane asylum and some months later died there.

At the end of the ball game a great anxiety came over Father. But as they left the park borne by the streaming crowd he realized his son had taken his hand. He felt an uplift of his spirit. On the open trolley he put his arm around the boy's shoulders. Arriving in New Rochelle they walked briskly from the train station and when they came in the door they gave a loud hello! and for the first time in months Father felt like himself. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 30-July 6

BOWLING—Twenty-four-year-old PALMER FALLGREN, *who had never finished higher than third in* six years on the PBA tour, beat top-seeded Gary Dickinson 215-161 for the $5,000 first prize in the $50,000 San Jose (Calif.) Open.

BOXING—World Heavyweight Champion MUHAMMAD ALI scored a unanimous 15-round decision over Great Britain's Joe Bugner in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia *(page 18)*.

WBA light heavyweight titleholder VICTOR GALINDEZ *of Argentina defeated fellow countryman* Jorge Ahumada and retained his crown with a unanimous decision at Madison Square Garden. On the same card, WBA middleweight champion CARLOS MONZON, also an Argentinian, retained his title with a 10th-round TKO of Tony Licata.

Puerto Rican challenger ALFREDO ESCALERA scored a second-round KO of Japan's Kuniaki Shibata to gain the WBC junior lightweight title in Mito, Japan.

CREW—The LEANDER and THAMES TRADESMEN club of England won the Henley Royal Regatta Grand Challenge Cup for heavyweight eights, defeating Harvard University by two lengths on the Thames. The British rowers covered the one-mile, 550-yard course in 6:16. In the schoolboy eights, RIDLEY COLLEGE of Canada defeated St. Paul's School of Concord, N.H. by a length in 6:32, shaving two seconds off the previous mark. The single sculls title went to SEAN DREA of Ireland, who beat Jim Dietz of the New York Athletic Club by 2½ lengths in 7:56.

FIELD HOCKEY—The U.S. tied Canada 2-2 in Philadelphia in a warm-up for the first women's world championships to be held in Edinburgh, Scotland next month.

GOLF—Fifty-one-year-old ART WALL won his first PGA event since 1966 by posting a final-round two-under-par 70 for a 17-under 271 total, to take the $130,000 Greater Milwaukee Open by a stroke over Gary McCord. The 1959 Masters champion earned $26,000 for his victory.

SUSIE McALLISTER carded a final-round 70 for a four-under-par 212 total to beat Jan Ferraris by a stroke and win $5,700 in the $40,000 Wheeling (W. Va.) LPGA Classic.

HALE IRWIN won the lightning-and-rain-delayed $200,000 Western Open in Oak Brook, Ill. with a one-under-par 283, one stroke better than Bobby Cole.

HORSE RACING—FOOLISH PLEASURE ($3.80) won the $350,000 mile-and-a-quarter match race at Belmont Park when Ruffian broke down after three-eighths of a *mile. Ruffian was later destroyed (page 16).*

Topweighted FOREGO ($3.40) Heliodoro Gustines riding, galloped to a track record in the $111,300 Brooklyn Handicap, covering the 1⅛ miles in 1:59⅘, at Belmont. Monetary Principle finished 1½ lengths back of the five-year-old gelding.

HONEY MARK ($17.20), carrying 116 pounds with Garth Patterson up, beat High Steel by a neck to win the $133,400 American Derby, covering the 1 ⅛ miles in 1:44⅘ at Arlington Park in Chicago. Preakness winner Master Derby, carrying top weight of 124 pounds, finished 11th in a field of 14.

MOTOR SPORTS—In the role of bridesmaid for the last four years, RICHARD PETTY drove to his first victory in the Firecracker 400, 2:36 seconds ahead of Buddy Baker, at Daytona Beach, Fla. Petty's Dodge averaged 158.381 mph in the 160-lap event *(page 28)*.

Austrian NIKI LAUDA led all 54 laps of the French Grand Prix, held on Paul Ricard circuit in Le Castellet, for his fourth world championship victory this season. Lauda averaged 116.5 mph in his Ferrari to finish two seconds ahead of James Hunt.

SOCCER—NASL: New York gave up first place in the Northern Division by losing two games, 5-1 to Los Angeles and 2-0 to Seattle, as a total of 30,101 West Coast spectators came out to catch a glimpse of Pele, who was unable to score in either game. The Cosmos' week was not a total washout as Commissioner Phil Woosnam ordered a protested loss to Boston to be replayed Aug. 3. The Boston Minutemen beat Philadelphia 4-0 and moved into a one-point division lead. Hartford lost to Rochester 2-1 despite the debut of two Italian players. Giovanni Bulgarelli and Ferruccio Mazzola. St. Louis all but wrapped up the Central with a 33-point cushion over the quiet Dallas Tornado. The Stars continued their romp by beating Vancouver 2-1 and the Tornado 2-0. Eastern leader Tampa Bay did not play, but second-place Miami was upset by Baltimore 3-2. Alvin Henderson of the Comets scored twice, Seattle, leading the Western, had a .500 week, losing to Los Angeles 2-1 in a tie breaker, then blanking the Cosmos 2-0. The second-place Portland Timbers continued to fell opponents, dropping Vancouver 2-1 for their fifth win in a row.

ASL: Northern leader Rhode Island disappointed its largest crowd of the season, 4,500, by losing to New York 1-0. Ron Ledesma's first-half goal was the difference. Goalie Jamir Canal made 10 saves as the Apollos scored their fifth shutout of the season. Cincinnati Goalie Greg Lamb made his debut a successful one as the Comets streaked to a 3-1 victory over New Jersey. Lamb had 11 saves, with the Brewers' lone score coming on a penalty kick. Pittsburgh was beaten by Cleveland 2-1 and Boston held off Chicago 1-0.

TENNIS—ARTHUR ASHE upset defending Wimbledon champion Jimmy Connors 6-1, 6-1, 5-7, 6-4 for the men's title and BILLIE JEAN KING routed Evonne Goolagong Cawley 6-0, 6-1 *(page 12)*. In the men's veterans doubles BUDGE PATTY and LENNART BERGELIN beat Don Budge and Gardner Mulloy 6-3, 6-3.

TRACK & FIELD—Sweden's ANDERS GARDERUD improved his own week-old world record in the 3,000-meter steeplechase by .6 to 8:09.8 during an international meet in Stockholm. JOHN WALKER of New Zealand captured the mile in 3:52.2, 1.2 seconds slower than Filbert Bayi's world standard. LUCIANO SUSANJ's finishing kick left Americans Rick Wohlhuter and Mark Enyeart behind as the Yugoslav ran the 800 meters in 1:45.2.

Although both the U.S. men's and women's teams were handily defeated in a dual meet with the Soviet Union in Kiev, American MAOTELENE MANNING JACKSON won the 800 meters improving her week-old U.S. record by 2 to 2:00.3. JONI HUNTLEY was the only other U.S. women's winner with a 6' ½" high jump. The U.S.S.R. took the men's meet 129-89 as VALERY BORZOV equaled the European record for the 100 meters with a 10.0.

At the U.S.S.R.-U.S.A. junior meet in Lincoln, Neb., both the American men (129-105) and women (88-58) triumphed, thanks to clean sweeps of the track events.

VOLLEYBALL—IVA: The Los Angeles Stars won their fourth in a row, outlasting first-place San Diego 12-5, 4-12, 12-5, 11-13, 12-1 at Santa Monica College. John Alstrom of the Stars was successful on 24 of 50 attempted spikes. Santa Barbara, one-half game behind San Diego, disposed of El Paso-Juarez 12-7, 12-8, 12-7 as Spiker George Spratt sent 22 kills over the net. The 4,471 who showed up for a 25¢ beer night in El Paso witnessed the Sol's 12-9, 12-8, 12-7 defeat of Southern California but two nights later the Bangers avenged the loss with a three-game win.

MILEPOSTS—DIED: Northern California's top jockey, JUAN GONZALEZ, 26, from injuries suffered in a three-horse spill at Alameda County Fair Grounds in Pleasanton.

DIED: Race car driver WARREN TOPE, 28, when his McLaren M-8I hit a guardrail during the Wide Track II race in Pontiac, Mich. Tope was defending champion in the two-year-old event run on public streets.

CREDITS

18, 19—Herb Schaitman. 20, 21—John Iacono. 28, 29—James Drake. 42—Herb Schaitman; Graham Finlayson. 52—John Kenney.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DAVE CHAUNER, 26, of Burlington, Vt., became the first American cyclist to win a stage in Britain's Milk Race, covering the 90-mile final leg from Morecambe to Blackpool in 3:45.21. The U.S. finished fifth and Chauner was 42nd out of 59 in the 12-day event.

DEDY COOPER, 17, of Richmond, Calif., led Harry Ells High to the state track crown by contributing to all 22 points his school earned at the San Diego title meet. He won the 330 low hurdles, was second in the 120 highs and anchored the winning 440- and mile-relay teams.

JAVIER SANCHEZ, 12, of Laredo, Texas, completed his final year of Little League baseball with a .727 season batting average. The pitcher-third baseman, who had hit .696 the previous season, slammed 13 home runs, drove in 38 runs and had a 4-0 record on the mound.

PAUL THIBODEAU, 72, of Sebring, Fla., had two holes in one on the 160-yard par-3 3rd hole at the Sebring Municipal Golf Course within five days. A retired security guard, the 17-handicap Thibodeau used a three-wood and a three-iron for his two aces.

TOM WILLETTE, a senior, pitched Plymouth Salem High to the Michigan championship by winning the final two games in the state tournament. The lefthander pitched 93 innings this season, struck out 179 and had an ERA of 1.12 in posting a 14-1 record.

EMILY GOODFELLOW, a junior at Princeton University, is expected to be the first student in the school's history to earn 12 varsity letters. Thus far she has nine, three each year in field hockey, squash and lacrosse, and is captain-elect of field hockey and squash for 1976.

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Cut this chart out and put it in your phone book

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STOLEN BASES

Sir:

Thank you for an excellent article (*It's a Game of Pinches*, June 30) by Ron Fimrite. It's about time that the base stealers in the American League West got some credit. Fimrite makes a good point in the story: "The six teams in the AL West have stolen nearly as many bases this season as the entire National League."

MARK REILLY

Kenilworth, N.J.

Sir:

You failed to mention some of the great base runners in the division.

Last year the Texas Rangers stole 113 bases, and in Dave Nelson, Len Randle, Toby Harrah and Cesar Tovar, they have a pretty good group of runners. Nelson has more lifetime steals than Mickey Rivers of California or Reggie Jackson, Bill North and the assorted "designated runners" on Oakland's squad. Nelson was among the league leaders when he was injured.

TIM HOLLERAN

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

Your article was interesting, but after I read it I had to check the newspaper to make sure Oakland was still ahead of California in the AL West. You made California sound like the best team that had ever played the game. Last week the Angels were in sixth place, 14 games out of first and eight games under .500.

DANNY CHAPMAN

Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

I enjoyed the article about base stealing, but you give Billy Martin credit for a quote about the hitting abilities of the California Angels when in fact it was our Spaceman, Bill Lee of the Boston Red Sox, who said, "They could take batting practice in a hotel lobby and not break anything." Not being satisfied with his little joke, the Spaceman then proceeded to shut out the Angels.

BRUCE BERNSTEIN

Brockton, Mass.

• Spaceman did use the phrase, but two weeks or so after Martin coined it in Texas in early May.—ED.

Sir:

Thanks to Ron Fimrite for recognizing a task that is becoming a necessity for every ball club. Base stealing is probably the most independent maneuver in baseball, which makes Lou Brock's single-season record of 118 stolen bases even more remarkable. Today speed is the name of the game, and to be able to "take" a base when everybody in the ball park knows you're going to is a tribute in itself.

BILLY MERCHANT

Oviedo, Fla.

Sir:

Since a steal of second base, after a single, is, from the standpoint of total bases, equivalent to a double, we propose adding stolen bases to total bases, and using this new figure to calculate the ratio between total bases and official at bats.

The following example demonstrates the possible use of this innovation. As of June 19 Willie Horton of the Tigers, a power hitter with little speed as evidenced by his zero stolen bases, had 106 total bases in 232 official at bats for a slugging percentage of .457. In contrast, Mickey Rivers of the Angels, a master base stealer with 35 and possessing limited power, had 98 total bases in 261 official at bats for a slugging percentage of .375. A comparison of the two slugging percentages would seem to indicate Horton's greater value to the team, however, if one adds stolen bases to total bases, Horton's "slugging percentage" remains the same, while Rivers, with an adjusted total bases of 133, would have an even greater "slugging percentage" of .510.

CHARLES CARR
JOHN CARR

Weston, Mass.

Sir:

You missed one point—the balk. There have been more balks called this year than I remember in all previous years together. It is not reasonable to believe that pitchers are performing differently. The fact is that in the past the umpires called only the most flagrant cases. This year they are following the letter of the rule. The pitchers are so jittery about the prospect of having a balk called that they are extra cautious, and as a result the runners get a better jump. Or maybe with a steal imminent, the pitcher gets so jittery on seeing a runner dancing around with a long lead that he gets momentarily confused and commits a balk.

Either way, the balk and base stealing are tied together, even if not directly.

HARAY CANTEY

Kingston, Tenn.

PROUD UMPIRE

Sir:

Kudos are in order for Lee Gutkind's penetrating article on Art Williams ("*I Want to Carry My Load*," June 30).

How refreshing it is to see a man take pride in his work. Williams has undertaken one of the most demanding jobs in the world with the same vigor that has made his life a success.

GAYDEN SMITH

McComb, Miss.

Sir:

Your article on Art Williams' umpiring career was extremely interesting and valuable. Last week I worked my first semipro game—a long way from the majors, of course, but an accomplishment that I, at the age of 19, am proud of. I could identify with Art's run-in with Foli and the Expo bunch. I think I can speak for umpires throughout the land who wish Williams luck.

DAVID KAHAN
California Umpires Association

Los Altos, Calif.

THE OPEN

Sir:

If I thought for a moment that Dan Jenkins had been derisive of the play in the U.S. Open, I would ask him to reconsider (*It Was Madness at Medinah*, June 30). I think I speak for some other golfers when I say that we pasture and hillside duffers draw energy, confidence and misguided hope from such performances. To watch the demigods gasp, sputter and gag, to see them scramble for bogeys, and double bogeys has inspired me to try again tomorrow to break 100. Allow us Mittys our limited victories, please.

EDWIN JEWETT

Northfield, Mass.

Sir:

It is unfortunate that Dan Jenkins had to spend most of the article looking for reasons for the high U.S. Open scores. Medinah No. 3 has always given the pros a hard time. I cannot believe he really expressed their true opinion when he said that many of them had participated in scads of Opens that were held on tougher courses. Where do you find three tougher finishing holes than Medinah's? It was on these three holes that the hopes of Nicklaus, Crenshaw and many others were shattered by bogeys and double bogeys. Give the course some credit. Look at the scores of past tournaments held on Medinah.

continued

Finally, there is little reason to put down a Pat Fitzsimons for wearing wrinkled pants with a wallet in his hip pocket or a Peter Oosterhuis for looking silly in a cap.

BOB SCHUMACHER

Elgin, Ill.

Sir,

I was appalled by Dan Jenkins' attitude in his article covering the U.S. Open. His belittling approach toward the victory of Lou Graham and the performance of much of the field seemed in bad taste. And as for his wish that this year's Open be remembered as "a relic of the past," I for one enjoy seeing a tournament that draws competitive scores. Lou Graham is to be congratulated for his victory over the best golfers in the world on a course that required a concentrated mental effort as well as physical ability to put together a winning score.

KEN COFFMAN

Brentwood, Tenn.

Sir:

Prior to the Open many pros were quoted as saying that they would break par, but when Sunday evening came around, they had changed their tune and were now saying that maybe they had "underrated the course." Medinah, as Tom Watson knows, is much like the old Cleveland Browns defense—"it bends, but it does not break." Unlike most Open courses, Medinah was not tricked up for the event. At Winged Foot last year there were some par 5s changed to par 4s for the Open, but at Medinah the members play to the same par as the pros. In order to truly test a golf course it should be played as it normally is played.

HARRY G. KRAMER III

Palatine, Ill.

PIGEON RACE

Sir:

I would like to applaud Jeannette Bruce on the fabulous article entitled *A Bird's-Eye View* (June 30). Her generous coverage of an obscure sport-hobby was first rate, and as one who has participated I can say that she has acquired good insight into the technical aspects of pigeon racing. I also commend you for occasionally departing from standard sports and discovering other points of interest. You cannot imagine what a lift it gives to the followers of a different drummer to see their thing being given a piece of the limelight.

JAMES F. SMITH

Norwich, Conn.

Sir:

The story about pigeons was for the birds.

STEPHEN ROSINSKI

Bethesda, Md.

FLYER CLARKE

Sir:

You mentioned (FOR THE RECORD, June 30) that Bobby Clarke won the MVP for the second straight season. Being a Clarke adorer, I'm sorry to say that you were incorrect. He got cheated out of it last year when Phil Esposito won. He did, however, win it two seasons ago and plans on winning it next year to cap Philly's Bicentennial, which will also be celebrated with the third annual Flyers Victory Parade.

PATTY TRIMBLE

Sicklerville, N.J.

AAU TRACK

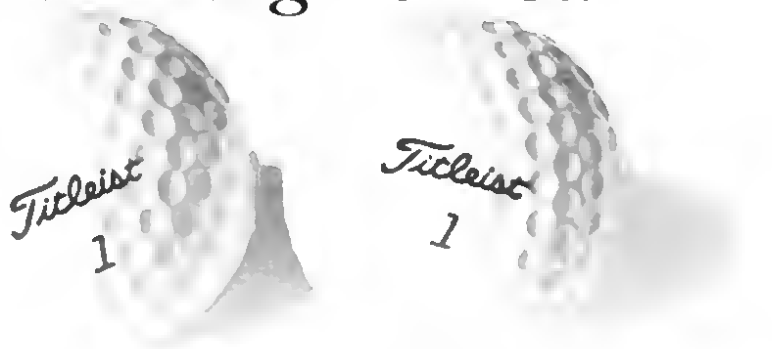
Sir:

I would like to compliment you on your coverage of the AAU meet (*High, Fast and Very Upsetting*, June 30). Without a doubt one of the best track articles in your magazine in the last two years.

I want to make one small comment about Ron Livers' high jump of 7'3". Livers is only 5'9" himself. It is not just an esoteric rec-

continued

The pros are telling you how to hit longer drives.



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ord, it is the highest a man has ever jumped over his own head. The previous record was held by China's Ni Chih-chin when, standing 6′ ½″, he jumped 7′ 6¼″, for a differential of 17¾″. Thus Livers has become the only man in history to high jump 1½′ over his own head, no small feat when you think about it.

DAVID AXELROD

Champaign, Ill.

TAFT (CONT.)

Sir:

I have been associated with junior college athletics both as a player and coach for nine years, and I feel your focus on junior college athletics in the Taft, Calif. situation (*Violent Return to a Troubled Past*, June 23) is unfair.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED mostly ignores junior college athletics until a "sensational" story arises. We feel we have made tremendous contributions in intercollegiate athletics in serving the students and the major colleges to which they transfer. For example, how many times have you mentioned that Bob McAdoo attended a junior college and the name of that junior college? Are you aware that the National Junior College Athletic Association is first in recognizing and organizing women's athletics as an integral part of its organization? We believe we deserve more attention in your annual collegiate football and basketball issues than an article about just one school—Pensacola in basketball last year. In other words, give us some credit for the good we do as well as report on the injustices that may occur.

JOE DAVES

Tullahoma, Tenn.

HORSE SENSE

Sir:

I sincerely hope you misquoted 15-year-old Bruce Penn in your article *Going to School in a Sulky* (June 23) "All horses are dumb and some are dumber than others" would rank in the top 10 for the most absurd statements ever made, much less printed.

WALTER JOHNSON

Amarillo, Texas

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Sir:

Csonka, Kuck and Warfield have really left Miami. You see, I work for an express company, and today I picked up their football equipment for shipment to Memphis.

Some days it just doesn't pay to go to work.

KEITH D. SMITH JR.

Miami

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